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IDYL OF THE HEART.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

How deep the mystery of the heart !
How vast its strength and weakness blent !
How wed to Nature—schooled by Art—
That frail, exquisite instrument !
Played on by every passing change
That rules the brief life of an hour,
Now torn by passions keen and strange,
Now smote by Love's impetuous power.

And now some wandering gust of wo
Breathes o'er its wild and wailing strings
Till Peace, the Angel, floating slow
Betwixt the glory of her wings,
Leans from some far abyss of Light,
And wreathes her garland round its chords,
And pours thro' Sorrow's voiceless night
A music, sweet as summer birds !

When the wild elves of Ice and Snow
Strike their white tents, by slope and lea,
And all the vernal winds that blow
Are voices of glad prophesy ;
When 'neath the fitful April sky
The joyous Spring, on hill and plain,
Marshalls her flowery hosts, led by
The silver banners of the Rain ;

Or under rosy-fruited boughs
The Queen-June walks, thro' sunny lands,
The light of harvest on her brows,
The horn of plenty in her hands,
Some happy influence of the hours
Wakes in the heart a kindred spell,
Till all her blushing buds and flowers
Brim o'er with golden hydromel !

We warble dim-remembered lays,
We bind the roses in our hair
We have not worn since those old days
When Love's sweet magic made us fair,
To eyes long hidden in the mould,
And faces that forgot to smile
Above Hope's ashes, long since cold,
Wear their lost beauty for a while !

We dream the shadow of the dreams
Of dead years—too divine to last—
Thro' whose half-lifted curtain gleams
The tender radiance of the past !
Time-mellowed pictures, on the walls
Of sunnier days than bless us now,
Where Memory's passionate glory falls
On silent lip and hidden brow !

Ah, deep the mystery of the heart !
[illegible] strength and [illegible]
White be the hand whose wondrous art
Shall wake the sad-toned instrument ;
Pure be the hand and soft the spell,
Till, in the joy of nobler things,
The Rose of God, and Asphodel
Of peace, shall crown its wailing strings !

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XXI.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.—(TO BE READ OR SKIPPED.)

Long before the Amazon reaches the ocean, it has grown so wide that from the channel no shore can be seen on either side. It is still a river, but with all the signs and symptoms of becoming an ocean. There is a period beginning not far from fourteen, in young lives, when childhood is widened suddenly and carries its banks so far out that manhood seems begun, though as yet it is far off. The stream is ocean deep. Upon this estuary of youth the currents are shifting—the eddies are many. Here are united the strength of the sea and the hindrances of the land.

The important organic changes which in our zone take place at the second full seven of years, produce important results even in the coldest temperaments and in the slenderest natures. But, in persons of vigor of body and strength of feeling, there is frequently an uprising like a city in insurrection. The young nature, swelling to the new influences with a sense of immeasurable strength,—sometimes turbulent with passions, but always throbbing with excited feelings, led on and fed by tantalizing fancies,—seems transformed from its previous self, and becomes a new nature.

The mere access of impetuous feeling is not by any means the most striking change that occurs. There is frequently the appearance of new forces in the mind, the displacement of old ones, and an entire change of proportion and balance in the moral and intellectual faculties. A mild and docile boy springs up before his astonished parents defiant and unteachable. A conscientious and painstaking nature is seized with willful impulses, and seems by an insane attraction drawn to bewildering courses.

On the other hand, lads of a soft and yielding nature sometimes stiffen and show an unexpected strength. Children who had early and chiefly acted from motives of approbation begin to feel the sterner and more wholesome law of pride. Faults fall off at once, against which nurse, mother, and teacher had labored assiduously and in vain.

New moral forces are developed into activity. Aspirations begin to quicken the soul. Ambitions grow nobler. A scorn of all authority which does not conform to reason or to generous views of duty is frequently seen, and just as frequently misunderstood. The exultation of hope and the deepest sadness of despondency alternate in the same bosom. There is also in some natures, in strange union, an intense sensibility to pleasure, with a wayward rejection of it as unsatisfying and unworthy.

The human soul, in this its real waking, is like the dawning of spring in the forest. All things good and bad are quickened alike. The dove comes, and the hawk also; the singing thrush, and the cawing crow; harmless insects, and stinging ones; innocent worms, and noxious reptiles! The spice-bush, and the nettle; the fragrant blossoms, and ill-scented, poisonous weeds, all move together and break forth into life. But as every day the returning sun, moving higher, brings on the summer, the things comely and useful gain ascendency, and the forest and the field nourish treasures for the joy of man and beast. Here and there is a noisome morass which summer only makes pestilential. At remote intervals rare spots may be overgrown with poisonous plants or waste weeds; but these things are exceptional; and summer brings, in vast excess over incidental evil, the richest stores of inestimable benefit.

All natures come to their manhood through some experience of fermentation! With some it is a ferment of passions; with some, of the affections; and with richly endowed natures it is the ferment of thought and of the moral nature.

Wholesome labor is for this, as for a thousand other critical experiences of life, an antidote or a remedy. But what shall save one from that passage of the thoughts, that struggle of the moral nature, which lies between so many noble youth and their full manhood? Nothing! It may be adjourned, but sooner or later it comes. It may be masked, tempered, but a full and vital nature is weaned from boyhood with as many tears and sorrows as first he was weaned from his mother's breast.

Barton Cathcart escaped the constitutional disturbance of the passions partly by his inherent nature, partly by the influences of home and its education, and perhaps full as much by the wholesome moral influence of physical labor. But there slumbered elements in his soul which would yet arouse, though the time was not come.

From his father Barton inherited strong common sense, sobriety of judgment, and a rarer gift, an instinctive sense of *what is true*, which may co-exist with an argumentative faculty and with logical power, but which is separable from both of them, and is superior to both. From his mother came imagination, and that subtle sympathy with invisible things which produces interiorness and depth of character.

Except with his mother he had till now spoken of his inward life and feeling to no one; and even with her the intercourse was one of sympathy more than of conversation. A common understanding seemed to spring up between them without words.

For [illegible] he pursued his studies with a stubborn persistence. The elements of language, and the grand forms of learning, furnished wearisome and prosaic tasks. But gradually he began to learn the pleasure of intellectual victories. His pride, which at times had almost fiercely repelled discouragement, began to experience a satisfaction in the consciousness of power.

Although Barton had maintained that intimacy with Dr. Wentworth's family in which he had been reared, it was not until his second year at the academy that his companionship with Rose Wentworth began to include an interchange of thoughts, and reasonings, and even discussions.

Accustomed to her father's society, and familiar from her childhood with his discussions of questions in a spirit far deeper than usually prevails, it is not surprising that Rose, some years younger, was fully Barton's equal, and, perhaps, in many ranges of life his superior. Certainly, in taste, in the discrimination of the subtler forms of nature, and in the depth and variety of the enjoyments which spontaneously sprung up in her soul, she was Barton's superior.

What impression Rose Wentworth produced upon others shall be left for them to say, at their own time and in their own manner. But it is for us to show the groundwork of her nature, from which all these impressions arose.

Perfect physical health produced an even flow of spirits and an exhilaration of manner, such as leads lambs to skip and kittens to frolic, and which in Rose prevented any of that little-girl saintship of manner which many are fond of depicting. She was buoyant, joyous, free-moving, and artless. Every side of her mind was developed. Deep and rich in moral feeling, strong and fine in the affections, quick and fruitful in intellect, she had, under home influence, been educated to an outward and inward life of singular fullness and beauty.

In estimating the causes of character men ascribe much to circumstances, much to training, and much to the fulness and force of one's original endowments. But there are other elements more subtle, but of profound value in the structure of that most wonderful of all architectures—the character; built up of invisible materials, without sound or force, permanent in its nature, yet in form flexible, and prolific in change. Chief among these is to be reckoned *sympathy between faculties and unity of action.*

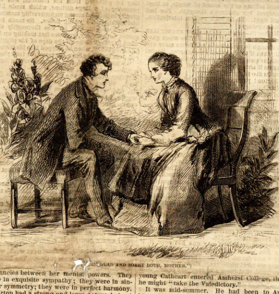
Some people's heads are mere lodging houses of faculties; each lodger minds his own business, and meddles as little as possible with others. After a whole life it cannot be perceived that the social affections have derived the least influence from the moral sentiments by whose side they have lived scores of years. And the reverse, also, is witnessed when the affections have neither softened nor warmed the moral sentiments, or seemed to have had any intercourse with them. Many men's passions act without curb or influence from the reason, and are limited and restrained only by their own selfish interests.

This non-intercourse may be the result of education or of the want of it. But there is an original aptitude in this matter. Congruity and inter-sympathy tend in some natures to entwine harmony and unity in the mind's life; while, in others, there is a stratification, as it were, of faculty. Nothing acts out of its own plane. Certain elements of mind act in their own class, but never out of it, and the faculties, like disintegrated musicians in a mutinous orchestra, play by single ones, or by twos and threes, but never in solid unity and harmony.

It is thus that some natures squander life-force in intermittent efforts. Their endowments are ample, but they are frittered away uselessly. But where the happy temperament unites in an original and spontaneous harmony all the parts of one's nature, the augmentation of force is but a small part of the good fortune. There is a breadth, a variety, a depth, a fertility of experience which yields to single lives more of joy than is possessed by scores of ordinary men.

Education is popularly supposed to be the unfolding of mental forces. Far more important, in education, is the inspiration of facile intercourse between all parts of the mind, the opening up of free trade and active commerce between all its faculties.

Rose was gifted to the last degree in her constitutional endowments. Every part of her nature was in sympathetic relations to every other part. There were no repulsions or discrepancies between her mental powers. They were in exquisite sympathy; they were in singular symmetry; they were in perfect harmony.



[GLAD AND SORRY BOTH, MOTHER."]

Barton had a strong and large nature, but not reconciled within itself. There were great conflicts yet to be endured; the more painful, because unintelligible. They might have wrecked his peace had it not been for help coming from outside of himself. But that help did not come till late, and then was followed soon by other experiences, by the exaltation, heat and fusion of a great struggle.

The transition from girlhood to womanhood is marked by the development of sentiment rather than by conflicts of passion. That balance and harmony of nature with which Rose was endowed had its fortunate parallel in her external condition. Every circumstance about her conspired to give to her mind a natural development. A mother's love, strong and rich, was seasoned with a genial religious element which gave to it the color of something more than an earthly affection. Agate Bissell furnished the sterner elements, the sense of conscience in daily duties, and she clothed the qualities of regularity, method, and exactitude with a semi-moral nature. Her father's nature tended to enlarge the sphere of her understanding and of her spiritual nature. She was borne upon his nature as a soft, white cloud is borne up and wafted by the whole atmosphere. The cloud fades out and reappears, is absorbed and comes again, is white or crimson, or golden, according to the pulses of color which beat in the air. Yet Rose, though by charming sympathy thus easily melted into her father's moods, never lost her own individuality, but had a spring and force of selfness which held her to the centre of her own proper and distinct nature.

Her father's influence had given a full development to that all-sided sympathy both with society and with nature, which never exists without forming a rich and deep life. The result in Rose was, that she derived enjoyment from every side without effort, and almost without consciousness. She sat happily while the shrewish wrens sung, and listened to Agate, to Mother Taft, to Mrs. Polly Marble. She sat under the trees in the edges of the forest, where the shy wood-thrush sang, and with her father talked of questions as unlike familiar life as is that bird's song unlike the sound of familiar field notes. She looked up to Dr. Buell with affectionate awe. His moral philosophy seemed no more discrepant with her father's, because it was different, than one species of flower or tree seemed at variance with others, from which they only differed. But love is the acting force of a woman's life, and love is the organizing centre. In some this element is mild, easily susceptible, and as strong at the very first as ever afterward. In others it lies deep, inaccessible, capable of transcendent power; but unreached by ordinary influences, it goes sometimes all through life undeveloped, reserved for a better life.

Rose was regarded as of an affectionate nature; but in reality the wealth of her nature lay far below the influence of daily life, and unreached. Great as therefore were the expectations which her nature excited in those fitted to appreciate her gifts, there was a power beneath, should it ever develop, that would surprise even an ardent expectation.

CHAPTER XXII.

TWILIGHT DAWN.

The time had come for Barton Cathcart to enter college. He had finished his preparatory studies in a manner peculiarly like himself. His application, without any external flurry or pretence, had been intense. To a real intellectual appetite he added a pride which intensified his endeavors. A difficulty in his studies seemed to him almost like a personal insult. It roused inwardly a fire that could be laid only by victory over it. He put his life against every obstacle. His form had attained its full proportions. He was tall, athletic, nimble as a deer, strong and enduring. Though intense application took something of color from his cheek, the necessity of much out-door exercise had maintained his essential vigor. No one in his class ranked him in any study. No one in the village approached him on the ball ground, or in races. His sedate kindness, his honorable spirit, joined to his scholastic ability, made him the pride of the young men, and the whole town hoped, when young Cathcart entered Amherst College, that he might "take the Valedictory."

It was mid-summer. He had been to Amherst for examination and matriculation, and was now at home, awaiting the opening term. The atmosphere on the day of whose evening we shall speak had been very pure, the sky of a deep and even solemn blue. A peculiar quality of air gave to all objects the utmost clarity. These days are formed by distant storms. Somewhere there had been thunder and mighty rains, but so far away that no other sign of it was perceived but this rare and opaline day. There was in the atmosphere a sadness and tenderness that seemed born of storms overcome. At least so Rachel felt, and so Barton thought, as the sun went down below a horizon without a line or hand's-width of cloud—and the moon shone from the opposite quarter.

The day's work was done. That charm of tender melancholy which comes so often with twilight had stolen over mother and son, as they sat in the door, enjoying this silent communion the more because so near the last of such scenes. Rachel remembered how he looked when as a babe he first lay in her arms, as if it were but yesterday. There he sat, a young man! She remembered the eras of his boyhood; single scenes of joy and trouble stood out as if undimmed by days and distance. Her heart swelled with pride and love as she looked upon her son's face, that never looked nobler to her than in this flush of rosy twilight upon the growing moonlight. One whole period of life was closed, sealed, and put away. At her very feet opened another path, along which his manhood was to develop. Her heart prophesied success. He would return to her one day, so wise, and strong, and good, that she should look up to him, and lean her declining strength upon his.

Alice sat in the parlor, where no lamp was burning, playing melancholy Scotch airs, and singing ballads in a low and soft voice. Out in the wheat field came a whip-poor-will, and sat upon a flat rock there, which was yet warm with the day's heat. So near was it that the shrill wail was painful. Barton drove it away. His mother half shuddered. She was not superstitious, but yet to drive away a singing bird was almost like driving away joy from her own door. It was but a flitting thought. The bird flew, and in a field more remote tuned again its softer, sadder note.

"In a few days, Barton, you will go. The place will miss you. You have been a good son, and faithful at work. The blessing pronounced upon obedient children will surely rest upon you."

"Mother, I shall not be far away. It will not seem like a journey or a voyage."

"Ah, my son, in separations, though great distances may be more, short ones are never less painful. Absence is the main thing. Every child that goes away leaves one channel less for the heart to flow through, and throws our thoughts back into ourselves."

"I have a strange feeling, mother. I am glad and sorry both. But now that I am to go, I am impatient to be gone and to be at my work."

"It is best. Your father's blessing and your mother's heart go with you."

They sat near the door, holding each other's hands. The evening scene, the song of the whip-poor-will, the approaching separation, a vague shudder, as there arose for a flitting moment an impression of the great out-rolling future of life, an undefined and painful thought of Rose, and now his mother's words, wrought in Barton such an intensity of feeling, that, when Rachel laid her hand upon his raven-black hair, he could no longer contain himself, but leaning his head upon his mother's lap, he wept as if the floods were broken loose. Her tears fell with his. Some words more were spoken of mutual love and need, but they are not for us to record. Not to every angel, even, is it given to know the full meaning and sacredness of a mother's and a son's innermost communion, in a love utterly without passion, without color of selfishness, deep as life, and stronger than death!

The next day came Dr. Wentworth, Rose and her mother, to spend the afternoon and evening. Whatever Barton felt, no one could see by his eye or his manner that Rose's presence was more to him than that of a sister-friend.

If Barton was susceptible to the contagion of love, this was a dangerous day! Rose was in great spirits. Her love for Alice had never shown itself before in ways so beautiful. She was in sympathy with every one, and with each upon his own plane. Her words were not forced, but changed as gently as do pictures in a looking-glass, when in quick succession one and another passes before it.

She was more than cordial with Barton. She frankly preferred him and, without a guise or pretence followed him with her eye and foot, just as she would have done her own brother if he were leaving home in the full expectation of literary honors. Barton, too, felt only pleasure in Rose's company. Could he have said that Rose was to him only like a sister? Yes, he could have *said* it sincerely. But is every sincere saying of course true? Do we know all that we think we do? Are there not, below what we *do* know, great depths of truth not yet made plain to us? In things of the heart our knowledge is as a little child lying in a skiff upon the ocean, seeing only the sides of the petty boat but nothing of the great underlying sea that heaves it!

Rose believed herself to be only Barton's friend and sister—Rose was right when she thought so. Barton thought himself only Rose's friend and brother. Why, then, were there moments of sharp pain?—flashes of love-pride, that seemed for a second to lay bare the secret places of his soul, as a long flash of lightning, at night, sharply reveals the whole landscape in unnatural light?

Rose and Barton stood alone, talking, under the great elms that shaded Cathcart's yard.

"I am sorry that you leave us, Barton. Norwood will hardly be natural without you. But you will come home often, and I shall make father drive us over to Amherst; for you know that we are all proud of you, Barton."

Such tribute was peculiarly grateful to pride, and much pride had Barton; and yet, he waited as if Rose had not yet said what he wanted.

In a low tone, as if meditating, and speaking unconsciously, he said:

"You feel pride, and Alice feels love, for me."

"Alice does not love you any better than I do," said Rose, laying her hand upon Barton's arm in the most frank and familiar manner. "We both of us love you, and every body is proud of you. I wish I felt as sure of my own brothers as I do of you. You will be good and noble, and I think that is being great."

Her words did not confer pleasure; something was wanting.

Just then came that same whip-poor-will and lit upon the flat stone in the wheat field, and began his love song, so loud and so near, that besides the clear whistle which alone is heard at a distance, all the under tone of throat music—the sucking of the breath, and a reedy tenor tone,—were distinctly audible. Rose stood like one at first surprised, but whose thoughts were being carried away, afar and afar off! Barton's whole soul thrilled. Was it a *bird*, or a bird-enclosed spirit that came to him last night with his mother, and that came again to-night with Rose? Was there some omen in this coupling with its wild, melancholy song, his mother and Rose, as of the two most intimately concerned in his destiny? The song was becoming painful. The stridor of its notes wrought too keenly on his nerves. And when the night-singer ceased, flew away, and began again at a distance, he felt a grateful sense of relief.

"Rose, that bird has a strange effect upon me. It came last night and sang. It seemed unearthly. What does it seem to you?"

"It affects me painfully too. It seems to stir the imagination toward the spirit world. It makes familiar things seem strange. Somehow I feel bewildered, as if I was neither in the body nor out. Barton, do you ever feel both happy and unhappy at the same time? Do you ever feel as if you were alone in the world? as if your thoughts took you into regions where no one could go with you, and revealed to you things which you could not utter? I often feel so. That bird has started me off to-night. I wish that I were a penetrating spirit, free from the body, and could go everywhere, and find out all things, and move freely as the air does, and as widely as the light! I feel as if something was always hovering near that I never catch. When I look on flowers it seems to me I see everything but just that secret something which makes them what they are! And when I hear some kinds of music, I listen again, certain that under all the sound other sounds more exquisite are surely coming; but they do not come. When I sit in the pine woods voices almost make themselves plain, and I am just going to hear some mystic message; but—it never comes. I believe it is because I am a woman. If I were a man, and could lay hold on the world, and have a business of my own, I am sure I should feel differently, I could find out things; couldn't I, Barton? I am very happy, but I always seem to be waiting for something."

Poor child! There is an army of waiters in this world. The tears were running down her cheeks, and yet Rose was laughing and looking up to Barton with the most artless simplicity, as if he, like her own father, had the power of solving her problems or changing her moods.

Barton thought he had never before looked upon anything so beautiful! He never had.

The moonlight fell through the openings of the elm upon her face. The slightest breath of wind moving the pliant boughs shifted the light, which now left her head, then streamed back upon it; now again left it in twilight, and then suddenly glowed upon it with dazzling beauty.

Barton seemed inspired with a new spirit. He could never say again that he felt only a brother's love. His hour had come, and every thought and feeling of his nature rose up to tell him that of all of human kind, Rose Wentworth was best beloved! He could never call her sister again. The intensity of his feeling showed everything in a white light. In the exaltation of this sudden transport he learned that the mind may carry on many processes at once. He did not for a moment deceive himself in supposing that Rose had for him any such emotions as now filled his heart. Not for a moment did he purpose to secure her deeper interest in him by the pleadings of his own feelings. Rose stood before him as something holy, to be won, not by surprise or importunity, but by the free movements of her own nature, or not at all.

"Can I ever be that which shall draw her to me of her own choice? Till then, for my own sake, and for her sake, I will not speak."

'Barton," said Rose, with the most bewitching simplicity, "what are you thinking of? I know that I should love to hear what you are thinking. Do tell me!"

"Oh, Rose!——"

His voice was strained and unnatural. It was like a cry of pain. Rose trembled and drew near a step, and looked upon him almost as if she feared to see some revelation. But in an instant Barton, with an inward effort, said in a more natural tone:

"Rose, great things have been shown me to-night. Whether I tell you or not, I leave with God, as I leave myself, and my mother, and Alice, and you, Rose, with God!' Come, it is dangerous for us to remain here, the air grows damp—let us go in!"

Dimly and painfully Rose began to perceive the change in Barton and its meaning. The thought that arose in her mind was quick, clear, brief, and then it sank down, down, down below all other thoughts, below all common feelings;—down below her communings with her father,—below her very yearnings;—down where the soul's germs are formed,—as far down as the bottom of the sea, where pearls lie undisturbed by storms, is from the top,—there fell her secret thought, and there it rested!

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CONFESSION.

It was plain to young Cathcart from that hour that his life had found the point on which it would turn. Had he never before suspected the secret? In all his years of familiar intercourse had he never plainly raised the question of the precise nature of his feelings toward Rose? Had there never been moods or happy moments of meeting or of parting at which the secret bore witness of the true state of things?

Many men are timid of others, and shy of revealing their secret thoughts to another. But there is a form of sensibility springing from a manly pride, which works shyness of one's own self. Men refuse to think on the results of thinking. They dimly perceive what is coming and veil it. Natures capable of suffering from subtle influences guide their thoughts with as much care and skill to shield them and spare them, as they do their bodies in walking through a rocky pass, or a forest filled with thorns and briars.

But, in young Cathcart's case there was another fact, that his feelings had really not grown to a ripeness for disclosure. Where love is a mere passion, or where it is largely an imaginative sentiment, it is susceptible of sudden development. But when love is a leaven that silently works through the whole economy of mind and soul, and gradually pervades every part of the nature, it cannot be sudden. It cannot even be known, in its incipiency, nor discriminated from common good will, from confidence founded upon respect, from genial sympathy, from mere likeness and unison of feeling. Love is seldom seen in its full and perfect form. For that, it requires a greatness of nature that does not come often; and two natures, both large and various, yet unlike, though not discordant, are still rarer. In ordinary life the affection of love is a mere melody, the music of a single affection. But in its higher form love is many melodies wrought into a harmony. It is a point at which every power and faculty of one's nature comes to a Unity, and the whole being becomes symmetrical and harmonious. An experience so simple in its final form, but so complex in all the elements which lead to it, is not the growth of an hour. If in some natures it springs up in youth, it must yet, like summer flowers, have gone through a development from the seed or root to the blossom and the fruit.

Barton Cathcart had not reached the fruit, nor even the blossom. He had found out what was the name of that fragrant vine which was twining around his being. But of its unfolding, and of all the clustered experiences that yet lay undisclosed within it, he knew nothing.

When Rose was going, with her family, to return home, Barton seemed calm and self-possessed outwardly, but within his feelings flowed like fast-rushing waters in moonlight, flashing the soft light from their unquiet surfaces with such abruptness that the moon would hardly know its own light, so wild and disordered did it seem! If, in the going to and fro, he was alone with Rose, he avoided her as if her presence brought pain; but, when they came again among the families, Barton clung to her side and sported and frolicked as if they were brother and sister indeed. It was a double instinct. He would not renew with Rose that perilous conversation, and he would not disclose by any change of manner to others that there was in his heart any other feeling toward Rose than that which had always existed between the members of their warmly-attached families.

And so had begun, in pain and struggle, that experience whose real and final nature it is to bring peace. And, in some natures, Love is born of Peace, nourished in tranquillity, and from the first brings forth joy and peace. It knows no struggle, but only gradual development. But, in other natures, Love has a controlling work to perform before it may rule in peace. Like a stream born in the mountains, it hides itself among rocks, it is driven over them in foam and fury, it is shut up in dark pools, and steals away through ravines and cliffs, still gathering power but finding no quiet, until far away from its sources, it has fulfilled its course; and then at length, its pure waters, flowing through flower-breeding meadows, rest in deep lakes, where all its agitations are forgotten in deep tranquillity. Not one star that shone upon it all the way down the mountain could it reflect again except in torn and scattered beams of light. Now every star of heaven is at home in its bosom!

When Rose was gone, Barton felt a joy of relief.. He was calm. This is the nature of intense excitement which brings the mind to unity. Barton went to his chamber as if nothing had happened. He calmly wondered in his own mind whether he had been greatly stirred-up during the evening; he looked out of the window upon the yard and the near fields which lay white with moonlight, and he marvelled at his own calmness. What had become of his heart? Where were his feelings?

One cricket, the first that he had heard this summer, was chirping with a shrill *cherk*—a stridulous monotone, which, in certain moods, compares well with our feelings; while, in others, it grates sharply against the nerve. Was there ever storm in such a hemisphere as this? Were ever these tranquil heavens black with rolling clouds? Were these trees that loom up between light and dark, as if they were spirits, ever twisted and strained by groaning winds? Was his own soul that lay within him as if asleep for very peace, sharply torn, whirled with revolution, agitated by fear of disclosure, but an hour ago?

He sat leaning his head upon his palm by the window. A bird in the near tree sang in its sleep, and awaked by its own sweet half-strain, suddenly stopped, and left the air still. Then, afar off he heard a dog barking. That started off another, and a peal of answering dogs rolled through the neighborhood. One by one they dropped off, and let the stillness alone. Two men walked past, talking in low tones. It was stiller than ever when they had gone. A sigh of air moved among the trees. It was as if the night had taken a long breath. The leaves quivered, shook off some drops of dew, and fell asleep again.

There is no such lonesomeness as that which the young feel before they have applied their powers in life, and vindicated their place in society. It is dreariness. That feeling began to steal over Barton. For a moment a sentiment of pity for himself began to rise, but was suppressed by a sharp reaction of pride. The slight conflict aroused him, and he rose to retire to his bed. Behold! his mother stood by his side! So silently had she entered, and so absorbed had been his thoughts, that he had not heard her footstep. How long she had watched him he knew not. There was at first a quick feeling of discovery. It seemed as if his own thoughts and fancies had been walking forth in visible form, and that his mother must have seen them.

But Rachel was a prophet. She did not need outward actions or the sound of words, at least to interpret her children's thoughts. She had inward sight. To Barton's sudden interjection, or interrogatory:

"Mother!"—she made no other answer than to draw him down to his seat. The moon gave light enough to make looks and forms more emphatic than if the light had been clearer. Rachel asked no question, nor made explanation, but spoke as if announcing a result of long conversation in the thoughts.

"Barton! you are in danger of losing your mother."

He started, and looked keenly at her as if to see if signs of sickness were on her cheek.

"I am not going to leave you. But you are leaving me."

"But, mother, how can I go to college and not leave you? I thought you were glad——"

"It is not separation that I fear, but separation of life. A change has come to you. You live in things which you do not speak about. Your life is entering into new paths, where you will need help, and will find none. There is no friend like a mother. Barton, come back to me, and don't leave me!" There was something solemn and inexpressibly tender in his mother's tone and manner. It seemed as if all motherhood lay at the door of his heart, begging to come in!

There is in every royal nature a holy of holies. A shrine within the shrine. A place of silence. The very place of germs, where thought, emotion, and being itself, begin. Into that comes not the most intimate. If any one has seen it, if any foot has trod it, we have banished ourselves and cannot return. There we meet God. There we meet ourselves. There we hide from love itself. But there a mother may come! And the soul is yet its own, though mother and God have looked upon its secrets!

Barton would have spoken, but his mother stopped him by laying her hand upon his head; and looking full upon his face with an ineffable tenderness, she said:

"Barton, tell me nothing! Only say that whenever there shall be a great fear, or—or other feeling, when you need to speak, whether it be of good or evil, of victory or trouble, that you will surely come to the place where you were born; where your head lay in infancy, where you have lived and loved freely until now! I do not need to know your thoughts, nor your purposes. But you may need to tell them. You need your mother. Promise me, that whenever your heart must disburden itself you will come back to me."

Inexpressibly affected by a manner not usual to his mother, a certain loftiness of authority, and an exquisite tenderness, Barton, like a brook pent up and at length breaking through, poured out his whole heart to his mother, so freely, so fully, so easily that it seemed more as if he were thinking it to himself than disclosing it to another.

"And as I stood by her, mother, a light seemed to shine out from her, and something not of myself seemed to come upon me with an assurance that I might speak——"

"I know—I understand it all."

—"And yet, before I could speak, a pain pierced me, a darkness rose inside of me—a horror of fear that I was seeking to sacrifice Rose to my own selfish life—that I had not been called by her—that she stood in one place and I in another, and that we could never change."

"All these things are plain to me, Barton. God has given you, in part, your mother's nature. I have an insight of melancholy; but you have your father's judgment, and will control it. But now things were like to have been born out of due time. You had almost followed the inspiration of your own heart, and not the openings of Providence. Your business is not this. Neither is her time come. You must bury and hide this love, as seeds are hidden till their spring time comes. Oh, my son, it is a sacred thing to love! Be not ashamed. It is for your life. But let it be as a light burning in a secret place. When God ordains he will bring it forth. Shall he command the dayspring from on high for this poor, sinful world, and not ordain your hours and seasons? Beware of seeking more than you earn. With what will you buy her heart? Rose is many in one. Of all that I ever knew of womankind she is alone. She comes slowly to womanhood because she brings with her so much. How have you gained a right to her? Will you not, like the patriarch, serve your term of years? Will you not, by study and true piety, bring to her by and by a nature that shall command, not supplicate?"

The candle had burned low. It flamed up and threw an unwonted light upon the chamber. It sunk again and went out. Neither its presence nor its absence was noticed.

But after midnight a deep sleep was burying Barton's early troubles deeper than the bottom of the sea.

His mother saw the morning star arise. She had come forth before it.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Little Things.

It is a great point of wisdom to know how to estimate little things. Of those which are evidently great, every one can see the importance; but true wisdom looks at these great objects before they have arrived at their full size. She considers that it is principally in this earlier state that they come under the power of man, and can be arranged, modified, increased, or extinguished, at his pleasure; whereas, in a more advanced stage, they set at defiance all his efforts. On the contrary, it is the part of folly to wait till evils have attained their maturity before they are attacked; for then that which might at first have been easily crushed, becomes irresistible.

PAUL CLIFFORD'S PEARL.

BY MRS. EMILY THORNTON.

"Paul!" said John Burton to his friend, "I fear you are fast becoming an incorrigible bachelor, and I do regret it; for, I assure you, one's own fireside and a good wife always bring peace and blessedness."

"I agree with you perfectly, John; but the great feat is to find, then secure, *a really good* wife. Such a boon I shall never possess."

"Paul Clifford, I wish I could understand why, among all your extensive circle of acquaintances, *you* cannot select a companion?"

"There are many reasons, my dear friend," replied Paul, seriously; "I am truly anxious to marry, but as yet I have never met a woman I could for one moment wish to call *my wife*. I see none in the large circle in which I move but young ladies wholly absorbed by fashion and vain wordly show. Then, as you know, I am rich in this world's goods; and, for that cause, all these fashionable butterflies seek to enchain me,—not for any worth that *I* may possess, but for my paltry gold. Ah, John, had I been a poor man, years ago, I might have been made happy by wooing and winning some noble woman's pure affections, for I well know there are excellent, loving hearts to be won; but, as I said before, those hearts are not for me!"

The above conversation took place in John Burton's bright and cheerful library. John was the happy possessor of a charming home and loving wife; and, knowing the amiable disposition and noble qualities of his friend, he longed to see him similarly situated. Paul Clifford was an eminently handsome, refined, and intelligent person, just thirty-two years of age; and, as may be gathered from his remarks, was the possessor of a large fortune, which made him greatly in demand among manœuvering mammas and marriageable young ladies. So much had he been sought, that he was thoroughly disgusted with society, and was fast making up his mind to travel alone all the days of his pilgrimage here below, when he stepped into his friend's sanctum and the above conversation took place.

"What is it, Paul, that you are looking for in a wife—beauty, wit, wealth, or ——?"

"Stop, John, not one of those requisites do I seek. Of beauty—with its powder, paint, vanity, and selfishness—I am heartily weary. Of wealth, I have a superabundance; and for *wit*, I see no necessity. No, I seek not these! Rather far, give me amiability, piety, true womanly scorn for all that is false and deceitful; and, above all, warm and devoted love for your humble servant without a thought of dollars and cents. I never meet a young girl without thinking, what is she in the home-circle? what is her every-day life? why must I always see the company-side of the picture?"

John heard his friend in apparent silence; then, suddenly breaking the long pause that had ensued, he exclaimed:

"Paul, I see but one way for you to discover what you wish, and that is, to go *incog.* to some place and there study female character."

"I declare, John, I never thought of that! What a capital idea! If I knew where to go, I would act on it."

"Paul Clifford, I know the very girl for you, but I am determined you shall find her yourself, and I assure you she is a pearl worth seeking. All I will tell you concerning her is, that she will be in the village of ——, next week, where she will board for a short time. The house in which she will stay is a well-filled, summer boarding-house, and a large number of young people from her place of residence will board there also. Suppose you go to Pleasant Place, for a few days, and, donning a white wig and whiskers, play the part of a deaf old man. You can then seek for *my pearl* without molestation or suspicion."

"Agreed! that will be grand fun! and, if it discover one true heart worth *my* winning, you will find me grateful for life!"

Leaving our friends still chatting in the library, we will slip over two weeks and then take a look into a splendidly located summer boarding-house, not fifteen minutes walk from the charming village of ——. The house was a very large and showy one, entirely surrounded by a stately piazza, which was usually well-filled by old and young, who prized the cool breeze and splendid views that it commanded of the neighborhood around. Before the house stretched a large, well-shaded green, where rustic seats and tall swings told of rest and enjoyment. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when the village stage stopped at the gate at the foot of the lawn, and an aged man was seen to alight, and slowly wend his way to the house. His long, white hair and ample beard of the same snowy hue, together with his slightly bent form, as he leaned heavily upon his cane, seemed to shadow forth infirmity and care; while a large pair of spectacles, with blue glasses, lent a strange and odd appearance to his whole visage.

"I declare, Sarah Hartley, here comes a charming new beau! I think we shall be proud of this arrival!" exclaimed Matilda Blake, a beautiful girl, that stood in a small group close by the old man's side, as he passed along, while a titter went from one to the other, but without noticing the remark he passed to the house, and disappeared within, leaving the young ladies and their laughing rudeness to themselves. A few moments after the tea-bell summoned the boarders to a well-spread table, and among the rest came the same old man, who was addressed by the proprietor of the establishment as Mr. Hawkins, but who, as may easily be guessed by our readers, was no other than our friend Paul in disguise. He took his seat, not heeding the remark, quite loudly spoken, of Matilda Blake, who sat opposite:

"Here comes old grey-beard! I wonder where he found his fashionable blue goggles."

The smothered laugh that followed this was checked as they perceived that when the host addressed him he spoke in a very loud tone, so therefore the unladylike remarks had fallen upon deaf ears, and thus their attention soon turned to other persons and things. Paul was not sorry for this, so wisely concluding that neither Matilda Blake nor Sarah Hartley could be the pearl for which he sought, he passed his eyes over the assembled party, scanning closely each individual, but could not guess from their appearance who was the person mentioned by his friend. One charmingly beautiful young lady attracted his attention the most, as he had met her before at a party, and had been quite pleased with her winning ways. He knew her name to be Estelle de Lancie; and wishing that she might prove to be the pearl, he concluded to observe her movements closely, so after the meal was over, he followed the young lady and her mother into the parlor, and taking a newspaper from his pocket, he seated himself in a corner, apparently to read, but in reality to observe without being observed. Mrs. De Lancie seemed to be an invalid, and her pale cheek and sunken eyes immediately claimed his sympathy. But he soon concluded that there was no sympathy for her suffering parent in Estella's bosom, for much to Paul's surprise, she dropped into the only easy-chair in the room, exclaiming impatiently to some remark of her mothers:

"You need not say anything more about it, for go I will."

"But, Estelle, I am opposed to these sail-boats. I think them extremely dangerous, and besides I am too unwell to be disturbed by your late return. I have been kept awake until after twelve every night this week, watching for you, and in my feeble state, it will soon wear me out."

"It will take precious little to wear you out, then. I might stay at home forever, and you would not care. But there is no use wasting words about it. I am determined to go."

So saying, this dutiful daughter swept from the room, while the mother wiped a stray tear from her cheek, and also turned away. Paul was astounded. Could it be possible that such a beautiful and charming girl as this could be such a termagant? He sat thus ruminating, when two other ladies entered the room, with their arms clasped around each other's waists, and pausing in their walk near a window where he could hear their conversation, they chatted on, regardless of old deaf, blue spec.'s, as they called him. Both were young, and were discussing fashion and frolic.

"O dear," said one, "it is so stupid here. If we only had a theatre close by, or could get up a ball or masquerade, or some kind of excitement. When home I go every evening to some place of amusement."

"So do I," returned her companion. "Father often complains that I am no company for him, as I am never home. But who wants to stay at home with old folks like Pa and Ma? Besides, how am I to settle myself if 'tied to my mother's apron strings,' as the saying is?"

"So you are looking for a husband," said the other.

"Yes; but he must be rich. I don't care how old, so he has plenty of money," was the reply.

So they chattered on until poor, disgusted Paul retreated from the room to his own apartment, closing the door tightly to shut out every sound of the female voice. Opening a window, he placed a chair on the top of the piazza, and taking a cigar, he seated himself to quiet thought and contemplation of the starry sky. As he sat there, a softly beautiful voice struck up an evening hymn in the room adjoining his own, and as the night was sultry and the windows open, he distinctly heard every word of this and another that followed.

"Shall I read a chapter now, mother, and help you retire? I think you must need sleep, even if it is only eight. Then I will again go to poor Mrs. De Lancie's room, as you will require no further assistance to-night."

"Yes, dear Maud, read my favorite 14th of St. John; and if you can assist that poor sick woman I shall be very glad."

Then the same sweet voice read the holy word of God, after which the mother uttered a short and fervent prayer, and all was still, until the low "good night, dear mother," told that Maud was leaving the room.

Paul being a very early riser, the next morning opened his bed-room door before any one was stirring, and, softly descending the stairs, passed from the house into the lawn below. As he did so, he was surprised to see a young girl, about nineteen years of age, seated upon the piazza steps, deeply absorbed in the contents of a book. She arose as he appeared, and turned to enter. As she passed, Paul accidentally dropped his cane, which rolled to the bottom of the steps. In an instant she ran down, exclaiming:

"I am the youngest—allow me to get it."

Then, placing it in his hand, she turned away; but not before he had recognized the voice as belonging to the singer of the evening before.

"This is the first civility old Mr. Hawkins has received," thought our hero, as he watched her retiring form. "I wonder who she is. At all events, she is an early riser, a good daughter, and respects age. But I declare, she is so dreadfully plain looking."

Paul lingered on the lawn until the breakfast bell sounded; then turning to the dining room, he entered, and as he did so, ran his eyes over the room to see if his morning acquaintance was there. She was no where to be seen; and wondering at her absence—as he remembered that he had not noticed her at the tea table the evening before—he swallowed a hasty repast, and once more sought the piazza. Half an hour went by, and then Paul was rewarded for his patient waiting by seeing the young girl approach with a lady leaning upon her arm, who, from the strong resemblance between them, he at once knew must be her mother. Tenderly she led her to an easy chair in a shaded spot on the piazza, and as she placed her in the seat, Paul first observed that the mother was blind.

"This accounts," thought he, "for her not eating at the public table. Probably they are served in their own apartment."

"Here is a cool spot, mother, and the morning air will be refreshing after such a sultry night."

"Is any one here, Maud?" asked the mother.

"No one but a stranger, a very old gentleman, and afflicted with deafness, I am told. Shall I get you some flowers, mother? The roses are in full bloom, and some beautiful lilies are in the garden."

"Do, darling; I should enjoy them very much."

"Sit perfectly still, then, until I return," said Maud, bounding away. She was exceedingly graceful in her movements, and was dressed in a modest morning robe, simple, yet neat and becoming. Her features struck Paul as being very plain at first, but when speaking, her dark eyes sparkled with animation, and a sweet smile illuminated her countenance, until her plain face looked quite attractive.

Paul wondered if she were not his pearl.

"Good morning, Mrs. Stanley," said a voice behind him, and Estelle de Lancie was speaking to the blind one. "Where is Maud this morning?"

"She went a moment since to the garden after some flowers. How is your mother?"

"Mother seems some better, and she attributes the improvement to Maud's kind nursing." Here Miss Stanley appeared, and with a loving smile, placed the roses in her mother's hand, then turned, and greeted Estelle.

"O, Maud, I am so sorry you would not go last night, we had such a splendid time! Then, to think you had such trouble with mother. She told me you nursed her all the evening, and I never came home until one."

"It was no trouble, Estelle. I was only glad to relieve her sufferings. How is she this morning?"

"She is better, having much less pain."

"Poor woman! I heard such low moans coming from her room about seven last evening that I went in to see if I could assist her. Then after mother retired, I sat with her until I heard your voice. But where are you going? I see you are prepared for a walk."

"Off to the woods to spend the morning," was the reply; "we are to have a pic-nic. Fanny said she invited you. Are you not going?"

"O, no! I cannot leave my mother, as I am her only guide in her blindness, and I am not happy when away from her. Who is with Mrs. De Lancie?"

"No one. She is asleep now, and the chambermaid will attend to her. Good-bye. The girls are waiting."

So saying, the heartless girl left with a gay party, while her poor mother suffered alone in a boarding-house, with no one to care for her but a careless servant.

"Mother," said Maud, as Estelle disappeared, "Mrs. De Lancie is far too ill to be left alone; how could Estelle go away this morning? Let us go to her room, then I can attend to you both!"

Tenderly assisting the willing mother, they turned to enter, but not before Paul heard Mrs. Stanley exclaim:

"Thank God that you are not like Estelle de Lancie!"

"And I thank God also," echoed Paul Clifford, "that I have indeed found a pearl, and if it is possible, she shall be my pearl before many months pass by!"

That morning's stage bore away old Mr. Hawkins, but the next evening Paul Clifford walked up the green in his own manly beauty and character, none suspecting that he had so recently made their acquaintance in another form. There was quite a flutter among the young ladies at Pleasant Place when it became known through Estelle that a handsome young millionaire was among them. Such a smoothing of tresses, such a donning of gay attire, such a profusion of sweet looks and smiles, were truly wonderful to behold; but all in vain. Paul Clifford had been behind the scenes, and there was no such thing as making an impression. One young lady alone seemed to be insensible of his presence, and she was the only one in whom he felt at all interested. The time of Maud Stanley was principally passed with her mother, and Paul wondered how he was ever to cultivate her acquaintance. He had been there a week, and had merely succeeded in obtaining an introduction, when one morning he encountered her in an early ramble around the grounds.

"Good morning, Miss Stanley; you are abroad in good season. Are you usually such an early riser?" remarked he.

"Yes, always. It is the only time when I can safely leave my poor mother; she usually sleeps late, so this allows me an opportunity to breathe the fresh morning air, to see the beauties of nature, and to read my favorite authors."

"I am delighted to have found a time when I can see you, for with your permission, as I am also fond of early rising, I would be glad to join you, occasionally, in your rambles."

Maud blushed as he spoke, then allowing him to accompany her, they strolled to the lake, when, seeing a row-boat lying by the side of the water, Paul had the pleasure of taking her out upon its placid bosom. That was a happy hour they passed together, for Paul found his companion intelligent, refined and lovely. No frivolous chit-chat of fashionable usage satisfied her, but sensible and womanly were the remarks that dropped from her lips, while her mind seemed to be stored with rich and brilliant imagery and thought. When they returned to the house, Paul, for the first time in his life, felt that he was truly in love, while Maud wondered all day why a certain handsome face and a certain pair of hazel eyes were constantly filling her thoughts. The next morning again found Paul by the side of Maud Stanley, watching the varied changes of her animated countenance, gazing respectfully into the full dark eyes that sparkled with intelligence, and listening with wrapt attention to every word that dropped from her lips. Little did the young ladies who were striving so hard to captivate the wealthy young man, dream that while they were sleeping during the early morning hours, that gentleman was rapidly ingratiating himself into the good graces of the plainest looking girl on the place, although she was decidedly the flower of them all.

"I think, Mr. Clifford," said Maud, one morning about a week later, as he joined her in what had become their *daily* ramble, "I think we shall leave for home in a few days. Mother seems to long for her own house, and I would not tarry a moment after she really expressed a wish to depart."

"I am sorry to hear that," returned Paul, regretfully, "for I fear I shall be lonely indeed. However, after you leave, there will be no occasion for *me* to remain; but I shall dread returning to my bachelor life and home since I have discovered so sweet a companion. Dear Miss Stanley, before you depart may I tell you how deeply I am interested in you—how fondly I love you? May I ask the privilege of becoming the possessor of this precious hand?"

He tenderly clasped in his own, as he spoke, the hand that trembled on his arm.

"Dearest Maud, may I hope that you return my love?"

The fair young cheek was scarlet now beneath that ardent gaze; and as a low "yes" fell upon his ear, and his arm glided around her, while love's first kisses fell upon her lips, I am sure there were no happier hearts for miles around than theirs that lovely morning.

"But, Paul, in my great happiness I forgot my mother," exclaimed Maud, a few moments after. "I can never leave her in her affliction."

"You shall never be separated, darling! Our home shall be her home, and my wife shall ever watch over the darkened pathway of her mother; for that devotion to an afflicted parent was what first discovered to me my pearl. Ah! dearest, old Mr. Hawkins was not so deaf as you all supposed; and as he was in truth your humble servant in search of a wife, you must not chide me if I thus found you."

Then Paul told his amazed companion all—how lonely his life had been, how firmly he had resolved to remain single sooner than wed one of his fashionable friends; how John Burton had said "a pearl was to be found at Pleasant Place," and thus, as old Mr. Hawkins, he had studied each character there, and was sure that she was the one to which he referred. When Maud told him she was John Burton's cousin, he was delighted, and the hearty laugh and merry looks declared that the search had happily ended.

Paul accompanied Maud to the house and, as soon as a suitable hour presented itself, he sought Mrs. Stanley's room, and told her of his true affection for her daughter; and, as she freely gave her consent to their union, he drew his pearl again to his bosom, and, with a kiss, slipped a splendid circle diamond-ring upon her finger, and entreated that an early day be appointed for their marriage.

The astonishment of the fair boarders exceeded all bounds, when it became known that Paul Clifford was engaged to plain Maud Stanley! But as their astonishment could by no means stop the course of true love, the marriage took place in September; and a more devoted or amiable wife than Maud never blessed a husband's love!

Truly, Paul Clifford never regretted finding that pearl.

Social Affection.

Society has been aptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken and expire; but, if placed together, glow with a ruddy and intense heat; a just emblem of the strength, happiness, and the security derived from the union of mankind. The savage, who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated embers, dark, dead, useless; they neither give nor receive heat, neither love nor are beloved. To what acts of heroism and virtue, in every age and nation, has not the impetus of affection given rise? To what gloomy misery, despair, and even suicide, has not the desertion of society led? How often in the busy haunts of men are all our noblest and gentlest virtues called forth? And how in the bosom of the recluse do all the soft emotions languish and grow faint?

—He is the best accountant who can count up correctly the sum of his own errors.

THE VAUNTER.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

You vaunt yourself upon your power
  Of genius, education, creed;
Thinking yourself an Eden-flower
Fixed in Humanity's great bower—
  And yet you're but a poisonous weed.

II.

Your genius—it adores itself:
  Your education—still the same:
Your creed—the miserable elf
That puts, save you, on hell's red shelf
  All those of human frame.

III.

Yet vaunt, vaunt on your ruthless power,
  Still sowing its demoniac seed:—
But millions know Truth's Eden flower
Fixed in Humanity's great bower,
  And feel that you are but a weed.

◆

"ADOPTED."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"It's very strange," muttered Blanche Penroy, slowly weaving together the wreath of scarlet autumn leaves with which she was decorating her broad-brimmed straw hat.

She made a beautiful picture, sitting there all alone in the mellow glow and color of the October woods, the crimson shawl drooping from her shoulders, and the sunshine lighting up her bright auburn curls with glittering threads of gold, while upon the fallen tree-trunk that formed her impromptu seat, lay a tiny bunch of grasses and autumnal flowers. She was transparently fair, with purple tangles of veins in each waxen temple, and a faint pink bloom on her cheeks, while her eyes, large and brown, seemed to look at you with the grave, tender expression of an infant.

"Yes, it *is* very strange," went on Miss Penroy, musing within herself. "I know so little about him—I have only known him ten days—yet when he spoke about leaving Elm Point last night, it seemed as if all the sunshine were going out of the world for me. O, Blanche! naughty, naughty little Blanche!" she added, leaning forward, and apostrophizing the fair face mirrored in the glen stream at her feet. "Is it possible that you've allowed yourself to fall in love with that tall, black-eyed young Southerner? Ten days ago I had never seen him—and now!"

The roses mounted up into her cheek as she wondered within herself whether Mr. Evering cared for her.

"I wish I knew!" she uttered aloud.

"Knew what?" demanded a calm voice, and Mr. Gilbert Evering took up the bunch of grasses on the log, and cooly seated himself beside her,—a straight, handsome man, with brilliant dark eyes, rather irregular features, and a deep color glowing through his olive skin.

Blanche demurely looked up at him—she was not to be taken by storm thus easily.

"Whether it would rain to-morrow, for our pic-nic I want to wear my white India muslin!"

"O,—the pic-nic; I had forgotten that, when I spoke of leaving to-morrow. Of course, though, my presence or absence will make no great difference."

Blanche was silent. Somehow that scarlet and brown-spotted maple leaf required a great deal of adjustment in the ribbon of her hat.

"Blanche—shall I go or stay?"

"Just as you please, Mr. Evering, of course."

"No; just as somebody else pleases. Yes or No! And I forewarn you, the *yes* means a great deal."

"How much does it mean?" questioned Blanche, half archly, half timorously.

"Everything!"

"Then you may stay!"

"My Blanche—my little white daisy!" he whispered bending his stately head over the slender hand that lay on the autumn leaves. And Blanche felt that in the golden stillness of that October dell she had turned a new page in the book of her life!

She was very, very happy, and all that day she seemed to be walking through the bright mysteries of a dream. But with the morning came other feelings, alas! that shadow should always follow sunshine in this world of ours.

"I'm not disposed to be unreasonable, Blanche," said Gilbert, in a whisper, as he arranged her white lace shawl for her, amid the merry tumult of the pic-nic ground, "but I *do* think you've waltzed quite often enough with that confounded puppy, Birmingham!"

"Jealous already, Gilbert?" taunted the girl, flushed and rosy with the triumphs of her beauty, and the irresistible instincts of coquetry. She colored crimson.

"Of course, you'll do as you please, Blanche; only I warn you, it's a choice between Walter Birmingham and me. You dance with him again at your own risk!"

At the same instant young Birmingham came up.

"May I have the pleasure of this polka with you, Miss Penroy?"

And Blanche, defiant, and wilful, and a little piqued, answered:

"Yes!"

And glided away with her plump hand on Walter Birmingham's shoulder. Gilbert had no business to be so unreasonable!

His grave, stern face rather startled her as she came once more to the rustic seat of twisted boughs, when the string-band music was silent, and Mr. Birmingham had gone to bring her a glass of iced lemonade.

"Gilbert! why do you look so cross?"

"Because I have reason. I am sorry you pay so little attention to my wishes, Miss Penroy?"

She drew herself up haughtily.

"You are beginning to dictate early, sir!"

"Have I not the right?"

"Nothing of the sort, Mr. Evering."

"Be it so, Blanche," he said, in a voice that betrayed how deep the arrow rankled in his bosom. "I give up the right now and henceforward."

Blanche was startled. She would have said more, but Walter Birmingham was advancing towards her, and when next she had leisure to look round, Gilbert was gone from her side.

"What have I done?" she thought, in dismay. "I'll see him this evening and coax him into good humor once more. He surely can't be vexed at me for an idle word like that."

Ah, little Blanche, it is not the well-considered sentence that does all the harm in this world—it is the idle word!

"Such a charming day as we have had, Mrs. Traine," said Blanche, as she came up the steps of the hotel piazza, as smiling and radiant as if the worm, remorse, was not gnawing at her heart.

"*That*, of course," said the blooming matron, who was reading in an easy chair under the shadow of the vines. "But what sent Mr. Evering away in such a hurry?"

"Sent him away?"

"Yes—by the evening train. He came home, packed his things, and drove away as if there was not a moment to lose. I am very sorry; we shall miss him so much."

Blanche went slowly up-stairs and sat down by her window, looking out at the purple glow of the evening landscape as if it were a featureless blank. So he was really gone away; and by her own folly she had lost the priceless treasure of Gilbert Evering's love.

"And I cannot even write to him, for I do not know his address," she thought, with clasped hands and tearless eyes. "Well, it is my own fault, and I must abide the consequences as best I may."

So Blanche Penroy went home from the gay summer lounging-place a sadder and a wiser woman; and the November mists drooping o'er the brick-and-mortar wildernesses of her New York home, had never seemed half so dreary to her as they seemed now!

"I suppose I shall be an old maid," thought Blanche, walking up and down the fire-lit darkness of her twilight drawing-rooms, with her dimpled hands clasped behind her waist. "I never care for any one now as I cared for—for Gilbert; and I dare say I shall keep a cat, and grow fond of green tea, and scandal, and sewing-circles! Ah, well-a-day! life cannot last for ever!"

A dreary comfort that for a girl of nineteen summers.

She rang the bell with an impatient jerk.

"Are there any letters, Sanderson?"

"One, ma'am; it came by the evening post about five minutes ago."

"Light the gas, then, and give it to me."

Blanche sat down by the fire and opened the letter, suppressing a yawn.

"Black-edged—and black-sealed! So poor Mrs. Marchmont is gone at last!"

It was from the executors of Miss Penroy's distant cousin, formally and briefly announcing her death, which had taken place in one of the West India Islands some months since; but of which the "melancholy news," as the letter ran, had only just been received. It was not entirely unexpected, as Mrs. Marchmont had for some years been slowly fading out of the world, a victim to hereditary consumption.

"Leaving one child, a son," slowly repeated Blanche, leaning her cheek on her hand, and looking down into the fiery quiver of the white-hot coals. "Poor little fellow! he must feel nearly as desolate and alone as I do! Only I have one advantage—I have at least a sufficiency of this world's goods; and this orphaned child must be thrown penniless and alone on his own resources, for, if I remember aright, Mrs. Marchmont forfeited all the wealth of her first marriage by her second alliance with the poverty-stricken lawyer whose death plunged her into such bitter mourning. That was a genuine love-match, yet how much grief and trouble it brought with it, 'leaving one child—a son!' Why should I not adopt the stray waif, and make it the business of my life to cherish and comfort him? I have no object in existence; here is one that Providence itself seems to point out to me."

Once more she rang the bell, with fresh color glowing in her cheeks and a new light in her eyes.

"Bring in my writing-desk immediately, Sanderson, and get ready to take a letter to the post for me as soon as possible."

The old servant obeyed, wondering at his mistress's unwonted energy, and yet well pleased to see some of her old animation returning.

"She do look more like herself to-night, do Miss Blanche, than she has for a long time," he said to the housekeeper, as he came down stairs after obeying her summons. "I only wish Miss Blanche would take a fancy to some nice, proper-behaved young man; it don't seem nohow right that she should live all by herself in this big house, so forlorn-like."

The housekeeper nodded sagaciously to all Mr. Sanderson's propositions. She fully agreed with him: "Only Miss Blanche was too wilful ever to hear to a word of advice."

It was a very simple and unconscious letter that Blanche Penroy wrote to her "far-away cousin's" executors from the fullness of her heart.

"I shall never marry now," she wrote, "and it seems to become my plainly indicated duty to undertake the care of this orphan child of Mrs. Marchmont's. With your approval, therefore, I propose to adopt him, and endeavor, as far as is in my power, to supply the place of his lost mother. You may at first deem me rather young to undertake so grave and serious a responsibility, but I was nineteen last month, and I am very, very much older in thought and feeling than my years. Of course, at my death, the child will inherit the property which was left to me by my deceased parents."

"I hope my cousin's executors are like the nice, white-headed old lawyers one reads about in novels," said Blanche to herself as she folded the little perfumed sheet of pink paper, "and not cross old fudges, talking of 'expediency' and 'appropriateness;' for I do so much want somebody to love and care for; and somehow I've a sort of a premonition that this little fellow will be nice and rosy and lovable. I think I'll teach him to call me 'aunty.'"

Just a week subsequently, a prim, legal note was received from Messrs. Aligs and Corpus, the deceased lady's executors, stating that "they saw no valid objection to Miss Penroy's very laudable projects, and that, in accordance thereto, the child of the late Mr. Marchmount would arrive at Miss Penroy's residence on the following Saturday night."

"Saturday night—and this is Friday," ejaculated Blanche, with the new brightness dancing in her hazel eyes. "O how glad I shall be! Sanderson, tell Mrs. Brown to have the blue room fitted up immediately for Master Marchmount, and you had better go yourself to the depot with the carriage, at five to-morrow afternoon, to meet him."

"Yes, ma'am," said Sanderson, stolidly. The apparition of a great unruly boy tramping with muddy boots on the velvet carpets and haunting the house with ball and marbles, and lung-splitting halloos, did not possess the charm to Sanderson's eyes that it seemed to for his mistress. And even patient Mrs. Brown remarked with a species of exasperation, that "she *didn't* see what put this freak into Miss Blanche's head!"

Saturday was a day of hail and tempest, and softly falling snow, and by five o'clock the drawing-rooms were lighted and the crimson silk curtains closely drawn, to exclude the stormy darkness without. Six times within the last fifteen minutes had Blanche Penroy looked at her watch, as she stood by the fire waiting to hear the returning carriage wheels. She was dressed in a rich China-blue silk dress, with pearl pin and ear-drops, and a little point lace at her throat and wrists, and the color in her cheeks and the golden glimmer in her bright hair made her, unconsciously, very fair to look upon.

"O, I hope—I *hope* he will like me," thought Blanche, with that instinctive yearning for love that comes to every woman's heart, as the door opened.

"Here's the young gentleman, Miss," said Sanderson, with a half-suppressed sound between a laugh and a snort.

But instead of a child of seven or eight years old, a tall apparition stalked in, something over six feet high, with a black moustache, and merry hazel eyes brimming over with mirth. For an instant Blanche stared at him as if she could scarcely credit the evidence of her own senses.

"Gilbert!"

"Exactly. You wanted to adopt me, and here I am."

"No, but, Gilbert——"

"Yes, but, Blanche!"

"*You* are not Mrs. Marchmont's son."

"I am—by her first marriage. And although I am by no means the penniless infant you seemed to suppose, as all my father's wealth comes to me, I am quite willing to be adopted—particularly as you are not married to Walter Birmingham!"

Blanche struggled between tears and laughter, uncertain which could best express her feelings, but Gilbert Evering drew her tenderly toward him.

"If you adopt me, dearest, it must be for life. Nay, do not hesitate—our happiness has already been too much at the mercy of trifles. You will not retract your offer?"

"Well—after all," said Blanche, demurely, "all I wanted was somebody to love and care for, and——"

"And I shall do very well in that capacity, eh?"

And Sanderson, who had been listening diligently at the door, crept down stairs to inform Mrs. Brown that "they were going to have a new master!"

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"WAS IT THE PENALTY?"

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

John Greer was a respectable, industrious mechanic. His home was a large town, the business of which was principally devoted to manufacturing pursuits. He was well educated, with manners that, if not polished, were quite those of a well-bred gentleman, which his occupation did not prevent his being considered in that place where nearly every man was the artisan of his own fortunes.

His wife, Sarah, was a sprightly, little, bright-eyed woman, interesting and attractive, without being positively beautiful. She was looked on by all her acquaintances as a very fortunate woman,—an opinion in which she undoubtedly agreed.

Her home was a bright and happy spot. Her husband's attachment to her was very great, and was fully reciprocated. No calculation of interest had led to their marriage. They loved each other, and found their chief happiness in each other's society. John possessed his strong arms and a thorough knowledge of his trade, with a few hundreds already accumulated. Sarah's little patrimony was sufficient for the furnishing of their pleasant, but humble, home.

There were all the elements of happiness there,—perfect trust, reciprocal affection, unbounded confidence,—these, with health, industry, and the habit of thinking and speaking well and kindly of every one, made their bright, comfortable home the abode of peace and all the household joys.

It was not for days and months alone they lived thus, but for years. Two children were added to the circle, claiming the love and calling forth the pride of their parents. John Greer was looked upon as a prosperous man, and one who was already accumulating property. As a proof of this latter fact, many modest luxuries already beautified their home,—now a choice engraving or fine-colored print, here a good but not too showy carpet, or piece of furniture—things made for use and not too fine for use.

In their home, good taste and judgment reigned. A well-selected library had its place there, and both father and mother read and took a deep interest in all the more important news of the day. John had the ambition to see his children well educated,—his son should go to college and study a profession, if his tastes led him in that direction. His daughter should be an accomplished woman; and both were to occupy a station higher than their parents. That had been resolved upon, and seemed likely of fulfilment. No one expects, in America, that the son shall follow his father's pursuits unless he chooses, nor the daughter marry and spend her life in the same social station. The ambition for each generation to make an advance in the social scale is a marked feature both of American society and American character. And John and Sarah Greer followed the usual law.

Yet, in the seeming prosperity of this household, there was one serious flaw. With all his shrewdness and his just ideas of life in many of its aspects, John Greer had that restless ambition which so often prompts men to strange and fatal acts. They make haste to be rich, and often, led away by this desire, they press to the very limits of honor and honesty.

This was the case with John Greer. He was tempted into a series of acts, such as are known under the general name of speculations. Undoubtedly he had no intention of entering into any but legitimate transactions. But the affair finally resulted thus: Occupied with his trade, he could not devote his time to these objects. He operated through an agent whom he trusted, but who, as events proved, was, entirely unworthy of that trust. The speculation failed, and for John Greer much more was involved than the loss of money.

He had become responsible for the acts of his trusted, but worthless, agent. One hour, a serene sky hung over home and hopes; the next, a storm all unseen burst over both. The officers of the law were in pursuit of the principals in the transactions of which we have spoken, and of these John Greer was counted as one.

He had knowingly committed no deed which was in conflict with the majesty of the law. So upright, so simply honest, industrious and worthful had been his life, he could at first scarcely comprehend of what he was accused.

Then followed the slow comprehension, then the agonizing dread of a public trial, and the disgrace that must attach to it both for himself and his family. And then the fear of the dread penalty.

It was needful to inform Sarah of this great trouble. She must share it, and like all good women who have cast their lot in life with one beloved, she met the emergency, confronted the trial, with a firm mien and a dauntless courage.

It was she who first counselled that flight in which his sole hope of escape from the punishment he had so innocently drawn upon himself now lay.

The other, and far more guilty parties, had foreseen the storm, and had beforehand provided themselves with a secure retreat. And thus, with the mean cowardice of their class, they had left their unconscious victim to bear the consequences of the crime they had deliberately planned.

It may be it would have been nobler and wiser in John to have borne these, and to have received the punishment. But his, though a humble, was an honorable name. How could he bear the disgraceful name of felon—how breathe in the atmosphere of a prison?

It was thoughts of this kind that decided him. Ere the morning broke after that eventful night, on which he first learned that such a dreadful disaster had fallen upon him, he kissed his sleeping children, pressed his weeping wife to his heart, and turned his back upon all he held dear upon earth. When the officers of the law came to arrest him, he was far beyond pursuit.

So bitter were his few relentless enemies that months elapsed before his wife dared, except with a thousand painful precautions, to send him the smallest tidings. All the communication that passed between them was conducted by a friend, who, himself suspected, and under the surveillance of these vigilant creditors, found his task of kindness a very arduous one.

For a long time vigilance did not relax, and calmness was not permitted to settle with the semblance of peace upon these agitated hearts. But when years had passed, even these remorseless creditors began to find vengeance unprofitable, and to turn their attention to other concerns.

Meanwhile he did not suffer his family to sink into want. Carrying with him into the strange land and new society the industrious habits that had always distinguished him, he was soon established in a business which (in consideration of the high prices prevailing in that new country) enabled him to send liberal remittances to his family, so that neither their comforts were greatly lessened, nor the education of their children greatly retarded.

John Greer, conscious of no real guilt, had not the pangs of conscience to bear, and his future still looked bright before him, as he thought of that not far distant time when, in the new home he had created, he should once again be surrounded by those dearest to his heart.

He had announced these hopes, expatiating upon them as a lover might, to his wife, when a disastrous fire once more reduced him almost to poverty. Had he been one formed to yield to discouragement, he must have done so now; but with such a stimulus to exertion, he allowed himself no more than momentarily to succumb before the stunning force of the blow. His hopes were delayed, not blasted; and though it cost him terrible pangs to communicate these tidings to his wife, and a fierce struggle to resign himself to the disappointment, he nevertheless bore it bravely.

He did not feel as Sarah sometimes exhorted him to, as if he deserved much of Providence. True, he had neither swindled nor cheated in his own person, but in his haste to be rich he had leagued himself with cheats and swindlers, and made himself responsible for the acts of those whom he had employed as his agents. He deserved punishment, and he tried to bear it cheerfully, though the penalty of separation from those dearest to him, from his native land, the disgrace that rested on his once honorable name, and the lonely struggle in which his life was spent, now often seemed more than he could endure.

Others had suffered by him—was it right that he should escape suffering? Often he thought that his error could never be expiated but by his return and voluntary acceptance of that punishment, which should vindicate the majesty of the law. Three times, when his hopes had been raised high by business successes that promised him the means of speedy reunion with his family, they were dashed to the ground by some disastrous accident, and each of these seasons of loss and distress was followed by a lengthened indulgence in the morbid feelings to which we have alluded.

At length, after all these toils, and sufferings, and delayed hopes, fortune began to shower down such blessings that he felt that the hour he had so longed for was near. Fate, so long frowning, turned to him her brightest smiles. He took new lease of life and hope, and went about dressed in such joyous smiles and shining cheerfulness, that every chance spectator perforce gladdened at the sight of the face that beamed upon him. He was like a man regenerated, born into a new existence.

Joyously he wrote of his new prospects. Soon he assured his wife and children they should be clasped in each other's arms.

The new house was to be built, the new home to be furnished. How happy was he in reckoning the years that had been added to the lives of his children, in calculating their progress in physical and intellectual growth, and in adapting their new home to their enlarged wants.

How busy he was—how happy! Many a finishing touch did he give, with his own hand, to his new home. Many a night, when the bustle and turmoil of the day was over, did he lie wakeful, through the long dark hours of stillness, his thoughts engaged in travels to those far-away happy regions where his beloved ones dwelt.

And then came a disappointment. That steamer, always before propitious, brought him no letter in the well-known hand. In what agony dragged the long fortnight of delay! Another steamer, but no letter. The long trusted friend was dead, but delay was insupportable, and he ventured to write to another, whom he believed he might trust, for aid in this emergency, and now he availed himself of speedier means of communication, and flashed his message along the wires that bound the continent.

And still no answer came. None, though he waited till every green leaf was withered in his heart.

Torn by suspense, almost maddened by a horrible dread of he knew not what, fearful to put the secret of his retreat into the hands of those who might ensure his ruin, resolving to risk all, and then to delay an act which might plunge others into this abyss as well as himself—torn by a thousand, powerful, contending emotions, resolving and shrinking, reproving himself for cowardice in either case—at last all this turmoil became insupportable, and he suddenly resolved to return.

And one day, scarcely a month after, a pale and anxious man presented himself in the streets of C., inquiring in a voice expressive of the concentrated anguish and suspense he endured, for the wife of John Greer.

Days passed. He could learn only that she had suddenly left her home and departed with her children from the town. And this was the only tidings that greeted him, and this had happened months ago.

Vainly he paced the streets. None knew and none greeted him. Bronzed and bearded, emaciated and sallow, he was all unlike what he had been in his happier days.

She is ill—she is dead—were the words continually in his thoughts. He fell ill, both mind and body sinking under the fearful weight he had so long borne. And then his landlord called to his aid a physician—as it chanced the very one who had so often come as a messenger of healing into his once happy home of those other days.

And from him John learned at length the solution of that terrible mystery which had well nigh cost him his life.

Sarah had wearied of waiting—of her long watch of suspense and delay. Falsehood had been at work too. No doubt she was weaker than even she had dreamed. She had been told her husband was dead. His letters had been intercepted. Then her beautiful, promising boy sickened and died, suddenly. Perhaps her intellect was weakened. Let us be as lenient as possible, believing that she did not sin with deliberation and open eyes.

This was the strange mystery of her disappearance. She had become the wife of another!

The first day that saw the injured husband able to leave his temporary home, he met his wife upon the street. The recognition was mutual and instantaneous, and the false wife fled, shrieking, from the presence of the man she had ruined.

And at home she waited for the sentence which was to pronounce her doom.

It came soon. A little letter containing but few words, and those of farewell.

"I cannot condemn," it said, "for I know not what influences have made you what you are. I no longer hope or fear anything, and only know that I shall soon return to the home that I had made for you."

And he did. His daughter went with him, sent as the sole compensation the false wife and mother had to offer.

I know not the fate of John Greer. I think he has not lived to this hour, because it seems incredible that human hearts can bear such grief, and not break.

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—No cloud can overshadow the Christian, but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Two Texans got to disputing about certain theological points concerning which they were equally ignorant, when at last, in a fit of exasperation, one of them offered to bet the other ten dollars that he couldn't repeat the Lord's Prayer. The bet was accepted and the money put up, when the challenged party deliberately repeated. "Now I lay me down to sleep," &c., clear through. His opponent listened with amazement, and at the conclusion of the performance exclaimed, "The money's yours, but I'd a bet my life you couldn't have done it."

On Sunday evening of last week, when the congregation of one of the up-town churches were leaving the house, it commenced raining. A lady said to the gentleman who accompanied her and her sister, "Why, it rains—*send* and get an umbrella." "Why, my dear," said the gentleman, "you are neither sugar nor salt, and rain will not hurt you." "No," said the lady, "but we are *lasses*." It is needless to say he sent for an umbrella immediately.

A young couple went to a clergyman noted for his waggishness to get married. By an innocent mistake he began to read from the prayer book as follows: "Man that is born of woman is full of trouble, and hath but a short time to live." The astonished bridegroom suddenly exclaimed: "Sir, you mistake; we came to be married." "Well," replied the clergyman, "if you insist, I will marry you; but believe me, my friend, you had better be buried."

A goodly parson complained to an elderly lady of his congregation, that her daughter appeared to be wholly taken up with trifles and worldly finery, instead of fixing her mind on things above. "You are certainly mistaken, sir," said she. "I know that the girl appears to an observer to be taken up with worldly things, but you cannot judge correctly of the direction her mind really takes, as she is a little *cross-eyed*."

Polite gentleman—"Good morning, sir. How do you find yourself to-day?" Deaf gentleman—"Very stormy and disagreeable." Polite gentleman (slightly astonished but determined to recover lost ground)—"Indeed! How is your good wife, sir?" Deaf gentleman—"Very windy and blustering, indeed."

"You may be as affectionate as you please, dear," said a wife to her husband, who was fond of her and wine, too, "and you may smell of the wine if you will; but please not to smell of wine and be affectionate at the same moment. I value your affection too highly to let you disgust me with it."

A couple of neighbors became so inimical that they would not speak to each other; but one, having been converted at a camp meeting, on seeing his former enemy, held out his hand, saying, "How d'ye do, Kemp? I am humble enough to shake hands with a dog."

Epigram written on the chamber-door of King Charles II., by the Earl of Rochester:

> Here lies the mutton-eating king,
>   Whose word no man relies on;
> Who never *said* a *foolish* thing,
>   Nor ever *did* a *wise* one.

"How is Cincinnati off for flour now?" inquired a traveller of a hotel runner in the 'Queen city of the West.' "I can't say how she is on *flour*," was the reply, "but I know she's hunky-dory on *whiskey*."

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgety old spinster to her maid of all work. "Why," replied the girl, "the candles fell into the water, and I put them in the oven to dry."

It is rather remarkable that while several thousand feet are required to make one rood, a single foot, properly applied, is often sufficient to make one civil.

"This tough steak makes me think of a famous old English poet." "That's queer. What poet does it make you think of?" "Chau-cer."

A marriage-broker advertises, "All couples availing themselves of the agency of this office *will have happiness guaranteed to them for one year*."

A Feeling Remark.—"We have to pay for everything," as the man said when a musquito, after a serenade, *sent his bill into him*.

Two things in this world which a man does not often find away from home—good soup and disinterested love.

A witty ignoramus excused his bad spelling on the ground of "laboring under A B C D-bility."

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CURRENT ITEMS.

At Frankfort, Ind., a man recently found a neighbor's horse in his wheat field, and being greatly exasperated thereat, he caught the horse, took it to his stable, cut off its ears and tail, and then beat it till it could not stand up. The next day he gave the owner of the animal another horse and $25 cash to settle the matter, but was complained of by a citizen and arrested on a criminal charge—it being a crime to maim a domestic animal in Indiana as in most other States.

A little girl and boy who were planting corn in a field at Des Moines, Iowa, not coming to the house when a violent thunder shower drove every one to shelter, search was made for them, and they were found lying side by side—the girl dead, and the boy terribly burned and his clothes torn entirely off of him, with the exception of one wristband of his shirt. They had been struck by lightning. The poor boy suffered horrible agony until death came to his relief.

A Baltimore scamp robbed a soldier's widow of $47:60, the amount which she had just drawn on her pension check, and went on a spree with the money. He was tracked to his haunts by some public-spirited young men who had become cognizant of his rascally robbery, and thrashed him in a most disciplinary manner, after which he was handed over to the police.

An old man of eighty-two, living on the Eastern Shore, Md., married his fourth wife a few days since, his third having been dead but two months. His bride, though only forty-three, had "laid out" two husbands, the last of whom was chucked under the sod only three weeks previous to her marriage with the old veteran above referred to.

A boy in Philadelphia, fourteen years of age, was bitten in February last by a dog that at the time was supposed to be mad, but the wound healing over, and no serious effects being experienced by the boy, his fears and those of his family subsided; but several days since symptoms of hydrophia appeared, and after terrible sufferings the poor lad died.

While a cow was feeding on the borders of a swamp, near Fredericksburg, Va., she took a moccassin snake into her mouth, with a tuft of grass in which the reptile was coiled, and swallowed it. In a short time she began to run wildly about and bellow piteously, then swelled up frightfully and at last died, seemingly in great agony.

A man who had neglected his wife for some three years, for which reason she had at last left him to earn her own living, on Thursday of last week shot at and wounded her, with the intention of killing her; and supposing that he had accomplished his purpose, he blew his own brains out.

A street fight lately came off in Atlanta, Ga., between an ex-rebel soldier and an ex-rebel politician, in which the latter got decidedly the worst of it, and was totally unfitted for office under any human government by having a pistol bullet shot through his brain.

While a Massachusetts fisherman was angling in the Merrimac, a couple of ruffians set upon him, held his head under water until he became insensible, and then robbed him of his watch and diamond pin, and of one hundred and thirty dollars in money.

A woman recently testified in a Chicago court that for thirteen years her husband has every day quarrelled with and beaten her, often in a most cruel manner, and that during the whole period she has been in daily fear of her life.

About the first of June a violent snow-storm raged over a large portion of Colorado. Snow fell to the depth of a foot on the plains, and in the mountains the roads were rendered impassable.

A Louisianian lately beat his daughter's brains out with a pine knot because she would not go to work in the field while he stayed in the house and played cards and drank whiskey.

A ruffian was thrown or made to jump overboard from a Brooklyn ferryboat the other night, by the indignant passengers, because he purposely insulted a lady on board.

The Paris exposition don't "pay." The daily receipts fall far short of the current daily expenses, not to mention the vast original outlay.

The rose fields of Adrianople extend over fourteen thousand acres.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

No. IX.

SHALL I GO TO COLLEGE? AND IF SO, WHY?

BY REV. E. O. HAVEN, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

About fifty thousand young men in these United States are students in colleges. About one-fortieth of the entire male population between the age of fifteen and twenty-one years are enrolled on the college books. Not more than two-thirds of these complete the course of study upon which they have entered, so as to become alumni of a college. In this estimate we do not include the students in academies, high schools and seminaries, which embrace perhaps as many more of the same age, but we confine our attention to colleges. Nor do we include in this estimate the great body of students of Medicine, Law and Theology, but simply undergraduates. We find here an army at least fifty thousand strong.

Perhaps a hundred thousand young men are now deliberating whether or not to "go to college,"—and many of them are readers of the New York *Ledger*—for the advantage of this great multitude of young men is this article written.

"Why should I go to college? It will consume at least four precious years of time. If I am unprepared, it may require six years or more. It will cost, including expenses for clothing, books and travel, even if I seek the cheapest college, at least two hundred dollars, probably three hundred dollars, a year. All this must be taken out of the morning of my life. Will it pay?"

To answer this question, consider a few facts. These facts illustrate a principle.

In Lanman's "Dictionary of the United States Congress," published in 1864, the names and short biographies of three thousand eight hundred and ninety-two men (if we count aright) are given, who have been members of the United States Congress, from 1789 to 1864. Of more than one thousand of them it is expressly stated that they were educated in college. About as many more are said to have been well educated, (probably some of them in college,) and of many no information is given except the date of their office and the States which they represented, the fact whether they were educated in college or not being unknown, while a considerable number reached their honorable position by the reputation acquired by success in military pursuits. Colleges are now more numerous relatively to population than formerly, and we are sure, from a careful investigation of the matter, that considerably less than one in a hundred of the men in the country have been graduates of colleges.

Following the general average, therefore, less than one in a hundred of the members of Congress should have been educated in college; but the fact shows more than one in three, perhaps nearly one in every two! This fact deserves attention.

In like manner, according to the general average, only one in a hundred of our Presidents of the United States should have been educated in college, and it would not have been strange if as yet not one such person had been chosen; but in fact, of the fourteen men elected directly as Presidents, all but five were graduates of college, and three of the five non-graduates owed their influence to their reputation as military leaders acquired in war, and the fourth, Abraham Lincoln, not able to go to college, surmounted difficulties by hard work, and made himself a statesman and an orator, and to a large extent a scholar. Nine out of fourteen is the number educated in college, instead of one in a hundred! The same thing would be found true of governors, judges, and other such officers.

Again, take such a book as Allibone's History of Authors, and as you cast your eye over the catalogue of distinguished names, observe that nearly all of them have been educated in universities. All preachers, physicians, lawyers, teachers and editors, at least, should have a systematic education equal to that obtained in college.

"But," says the hesitating young man, "I know of many exceptions." Of course you do. Many have achieved success in literature and science and in the professions by obtaining their training and skill in some other way. Generally by reading books written by college-educated men, and by actual contact and work with such men. But this is a kind of left-handed operation. The man works at a disadvantage. If he is very plucky he may succeed, just as one can learn to play on an organ without a teacher, or learn to speak a foreign language without a grammar. But why adopt this difficult and incomplete method, when a better way is offered? You can travel from New York to California afoot if you please: better earn some money, buy a ticket, and go by steam vessel and railway.

Perhaps many a young man would reply to this: "I do not aspire to be a member of Congress, or the governor of a State, or an author, or editor, or teacher, nor am I anxious to enter any one of the professions, so-called. There are lawyers and physicians enough, and I am not called to be a preacher—is there any reason why I should go to college?

I reply by asking you a few questions: Do you wish to lay in store a good stock of valuable mental power? Do you wish to train your mind, as well as your body, to act skillfully? Do you wish to learn the laws of thought, of language, of nature? If so, and your circumstances allow it, go where you can accomplish this end the best—to college. As it regards time, the best use to be made of the years of youth is discipline. Who likes to see a precocious boy? A monstrous infant, from five to fifteen, as dignified and precise and grave as an old man? Who would not be shocked or moved to laughter to see a child of this age gray-headed, and his face clothed with a full beard? But why should the mind outstrip the body, or the occupation outstrip the mind? It is wrong for a young man to be in a hurry about assuming the cares and success of mature life. These "men of business," from eighteen to twenty-three years of age, generally go to seed early, and bear a small crop. What man—whether merchant, farmer, or whatever his business—ever regretted spending too much time in obtaining an education? Those who start at twenty-five well educated generally outstrip those who start earlier uneducated.

"But I am poor. I shall have to earn my own expenses."

Do it then. Thousands have done so before you—strong, successful men. If you cannot take this advice, do the next best thing. Be studious. Read and think systematically. Do not be in haste to get rich. There is true wealth in bodily health, in a well-stored mind, in a genuine religious character. With these life is essentially noble.

"But WHAT SHALL I STUDY, if I enter college?"

A few years ago this question would have been about as superfluous as for a soldier with regular rations, or half rations, before him, to ask what shall I eat? All had one prescribed course. Now, however, there is a variety. In the University of Michigan, for instance, (and we refer to it only as an example,) there are five parallel courses of study, partly separate, and partly in common with each other, and all on one platform. The student now must inquire, Shall I study the good old time-honored classical course, with its Greek and Latin? or a scientific course, embracing Latin? or one excluding Latin and substituting modern languages? or civil engineering? or mining engineering? Do not decide this question hastily. Consider your ultimate purpose. Are you young, or do you wish to "intermeddle with all wisdom"? Take the old course. Have you no taste for Greek or Latin? Select one of the other courses. At any rate, lay a good foundation. Pursue your preparatory studies thoroughly. An extra year spent on them is not lost. Finally, if you cannot complete a college course take such a part of it as you can. Wherever you leave off, the thought you have acquired, and the discipline you have gained, will be a perpetual profit.

I cannot conclude this condensed article—and, therefore, liable to be misconstrued—without remarking that I entertain no illiberal spirit towards those who achieve true scholarship out of college. Manhood is what we want, however acquired, whether in the printing office, the blacksmith's shop, or on the farm. Strong men overcome all obstacles. Wise men, however, choose the easiest paths. Would you like to be a first-class boat-rower, pugilist, musician, painter, or anything else? You would avail yourself of the best instruction. A true man respects manhood wherever found, and however gained. If in one who "never went to school a day in his life," still if he has a healthy brain, and a good soul, he deserves honor. All we advocate is a practice based on sound common sense. Inquire how you can make the most of yourself, for man and God, and perseveringly pursue that course.

THE VERY EARLY AGES.

Archæologists, in classifying the ages, make no mention of those which preceded the Deluge. Yet we know that the antedeluvians were infinitely better mechanics than the savages of the "Age of Stone" with which *our* antiquity begins. Tubal Cain understood the art of alloying metals. He made utensils of brass, and knew the uses of iron—so that it is quite clear that the "world before the flood" had made more progress in utilitarian discovery and the mechanic arts, in the early days of Noah, than the world after the flood had made at the end of a thousand years subsequent to the grand submersion. The Egyptians were the first to rediscover the method of making brass, and long, long after that came the "Age of Iron." No doubt there were multitudes of skilled workmen on the earth before the great drowning, and indeed the ark itself was a proof that constructive art had reached a tolerably high degree of perfection at that very early day. True, the model was of divine origin, but unless Noah and his sons had been expert artificers they could not have fabricated the craft according to the design furnished by the Creator. There is reason to believe that it was a much more serviceable and sightly specimen of naval architecture than a Chinese junk of the present day.

How was it that valuable arts which appear to have flourished prior to the Deluge, were lost afterwards, and were only restored after the lapse of centuries by re-discovery? Were the descendants of the Ark-ites too lazy or too stupid to learn the handicrafts which the builders of the first life-boat could certainly have taught them? Perhaps so, or perhaps the exigencies of their pastoral life left them no time to cultivate anything but the soil. Be that as it may, it seems certain that after the grand catastrophe the surviving world, instead of profiting by the wisdom and knowledge of its ancestors, actually retrograded into utter barbarism, and did not reach the antediluvian stage of civilization until about three thousand years ago. Can anybody account for this neglect of the second edition of the human race to profit by the pre-diluvian precedents. The thing is as puzzling as a conundrum, and we give it up. Meantime stone hatchets, arrow heads, &c., are continually turning up to attest that since the flood there have been ages infinitely darker than that of Tubal Cain and his brass-founders and blacksmiths. Only think of the progeny of such smart fellows as Shem, Ham and Japhet, deteriorating into wretched troglodytes who lived in caves because they had not sufficient ingenuity to build huts!

THE "GERMAN ELEMENT."

The other day there was an extraordinary arrival of German emigrants at this port. About two thousand of them landed at Castle Garden within the space of a few hours. Happening to be on the Battery when this large body of "strangers in a strange land" commenced defiling through the gateway of the dépôt into the Battery grounds, we joined the crowd of spectators who were observing them, and saw the entire column on the march. A very *solid* column it was, and somewhat grotesque withal. Hanoverians, Bavarians, Brunswickers, Holsteiners, citizens of Bremen, Frankforters, and families from all parts of the valley of the Rhine figured in the throng, and the marked differences of costume rendered the spectacle extremely picturesque. The dresses of the women from the interior of Germany were, some of them, very odd, and provoked the laughter of the crowd; but the procession was a magnificent exhibition of bronzed, hard-handed industry and vigorous muscle. The feminines were not, as a rule, well-looking, although there were a few comely frauleins among them; but they were built for hard work, and had evidently been brought up to it. Such emigrants must always be welcome here. There did not seem to be a single scapegrace in the long line of upwards of fifteen hundred men, women and children. Grave, substantial, steady-going men, earnest-looking, honest-faced women, and the queerest babies we ever saw, made up the column. By this time, in all probability, a large portion of it is scattered through the Western States, where it will be worth much more than its weight in gold. We cannot have too many emigrants of the same class. They are thrifty, persevering, laborious. Millions of untilled acres await their quickening industry. We have room, work and wealth for them all.

UNREST.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

One o'clock! and still I ponder
  On the joys of yesterday;
Never lover weaker, fonder
  Sighed the weary hours away.

II.

Ill-content with saying—singing
  All its worship o'er and o'er;
Still the heart would fain be clinging
  Round its darling, evermore!

III.

Half in pleasure—half in sorrow,
  Thinking o'er each fervent kiss,—
Still I vainly strive to borrow
  From the Past its buried bliss;

IV.

Now I hear her fondly sighing
  As when late we sat alone,
(While the dancers' feet were flying,)
  Ah! the sigh is but my own!

V.

"Thus my precious I would smother"—
  In my dreaming oft I say;
Foolish lips! that kiss each other!
  Her's, alas! are far away!

VI.

On my cheek I feel the billow
  Of her glowing bosom beat—
Ah! 'tis but the pulseless pillow!
  Shall I curse, or bless the cheat?

VII.

Dreaming—waking—I am weary;
  Night *should* make our burden less;
Oh! 'tis dreary—very dreary—
  Thus to love, and not possess

MINISTERIAL EXCHANGES.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Sitting in your office, you remember, Mr. Bonner, you asked me why clergymen exchanged pulpits.

Sometimes, undoubtedly, they exchange to get a better one—sometimes because their people would like a better one. These may be called permanent exchanges. I remember a triangular exchange. When Dr. Beecher left Boston to go to Cincinnati, he took the place vacated by the Rev. Mr. Root. Rev. Mr. Root went to Dover, New Hampshire, (I believe it was) and took Rev. Mr. Winslow's place. Rev. Mr. Winslow went to Boston and took Dr. Beecher's place.

But exchange of pulpits usually means simply a day's exchange of services between two neighboring clergymen. The reasons for it are various. If one has a good written sermon, why should not other people hear it as well as his own? Besides other benefits, a week's work in making another sermon is saved.

If a man is a moderate preacher, but an excellent pastor, he keeps his people contented by judicious exchanges, by which they hear the ablest men in the neighborhood.

Another purpose sometimes is served. I knew a hyper-orthodox old-school man in the West, who wished to maintain his reputation for *soundness* in theology among his ministerial brethren, but whose people were apt to recalcitrate under the high doctrines.

There was an old minister without a parish—a sort of clucking hen, going from nest to nest, laying no eggs, and never hatching any. Him Dr. P. used to employ to do the dangerous preaching for his parish.

"Mr. S., come over and preach for me next week. Bring that meaty sermon with you, on God's Sovereignty displayed in Reprobation. You've never preached it for my people."

It was done. The church blazed with excitement; but it made no difference. The pastor had not done it. Mr. S. was not settled, and could not be reached. It made no difference what they said about him, nor how they felt. In this manner exchanges are safety valves. Dangerous work is done without risk. Fortunately the great majority of ministers hold doctrines which they dare to preach, and so there is little use for this sort of *exchange* now-a-days.

DOUBLE NATURES.

It does not follow that because a man enacts two distinct and widely different parts in life at the same time, he is therefore a hypocrite. The truth is that seven-eighths of us do this very thing. Just as the Blue and White Niles run parallel with each other, for hundreds of miles, without mixing, so do two natures quite as strongly contrasted sometimes seem to be in operation simultaneously in the same individual—he being all the while unconscious of his own duality. Of course such an one cannot justly be called a dissembler. The butcher who feels no compunction about slaying the lamb that looks pleadingly in his face as he applies the knife to its throat, may be the kindest and gentlest of husbands and fathers; the hero of the battle-field may be mortally afraid of the tongue of his *cara sposa;* even the executioner who ties the fatal knot with perfect *sang froid* may be a merciful man to his dog and quite amiable in his general behavior. Sanson, the famous French headsman, was a very sentimental person, we are told, and passionately fond of flowers and music; and, the other day, a woman whose husband had been shot down by a Brooklyn policeman in self-defence, on being told that the deceased had led an infamous life, exclaimed, "Whatever he was to others, he was the best of men to me!" Professional habit seems entirely to change the character of many men for the time being; and your model of benevolence and forbearance at home is often severe and harsh in his business dealings abroad. Probably, the tiger is placable in his den,—perhaps, uxorious; and, doubtless, the laughing hyena, though morose and sardonic while foraging for carrion, is jolly in the midst of his family.

* * *

—We have received from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., the young and energetic manager of the *Herald*, a photograph (by Brady) of the famous yacht Henrietta at sea. Medals in honor of her great victory appropriately surround the beautiful vessel, and altogether make a very chaste and handsome picture. The winning of the great ocean race by his yacht, was worth to Mr. Bennett, in our opinion, at least one million dollars.

CONFUCIUS.

BY JAMES PARTON.

The writings of Confucius are the Chinese Bible. Three hundred and sixty millions of the human race derive their spiritual nourishment from them, and venerate their author as the wisest and best of men. During the last few years the life and works of this Chinese sage have been much studied in France, and a translation of his principal work is about to appear, executed by one of the best Chinese scholars in Europe. This author has also given to the French public a more minute and correct account of the life of Confucius than any previously published, so that we have now the means of understanding something of the man and of his doctrines.

The name of Confucius, as near as we can express it by English letters, was Koung-Fou-Tseu, which is said to mean Reverend Master Tseu. If the syllables are pronounced in the French manner, they sound something like Confucius, and probably suggested that name. The sage was born five hundred and fifty-one years before the Christian era, and the Chinese authors are unanimous in saying that he was descended from an emperor who reigned over China four thousand four hundred years ago. They do not state, however, the precise rank or condition of his family at the time of his birth; but relate that when the boy was three years of age he lost his father, and that his mother devoted herself to perpetual widowhood in order to live only for the child, which, she said, God had given her in answer to her prayers. The same writers vaunt the filial piety of the boy, which in China is considered chief among the virtues. They tell us that he avoided the noisy sports of his young friends, and gave himself to the practice of religious rules, the meaning of which he early strove to discover. One author observes:

"To hear the infant Confucius converse on morals and charity gave impression that heaven had engraven upon his heart the holy principles of antiquity."

In his seventh year his mother sent him to a public school, where he was so well instructed that the name of his schoolmaster is honored in China to this day. In a short time, we are told, he so much surpassed his schoolmates that his teacher called upon him to assist him in giving instruction.

This high honor, says a Chinese writer, instead of making him proud, only contributed to excite in him the sentiment of modesty, which he knew he must possess in order to preserve the friendship of his comrades.

At the age of seventeen he was admitted to the rank of mandarin, and received the appointment of inspector of the grain market. In this humble position, it is stated, he performed his duties with the most scrupulous exactness, and even wished to reform the abuses which his predecessors had allowed to creep in. The better to carry out these reforms, he studied all the details of the buying and selling of grain. In his nineteenth year his mother chose for him a wife, the descendant of a noble family, who a year later gave him a son, the only fruit of their union.

While he was still a very young man, he was raised to the important office of inspector general of agriculture. In this high post, the Chinese authors assure us, he acquitted himself with so much zeal and wisdom, that the fields of his province, from being abandoned and uncultivated, became fertile and flourishing, and where lately was seen nothing but idleness and misery, industry and abundance reigned. The renown of so virtuous an officer could not be confined to his native province, but spread all over the empire, and won the admiration of princes and nobles.

But just as he was about to be promoted to the highest dignities of the empire, his mother, in the flower of her age, suddenly died. Immediately, in accordance with the ancient traditions, he resigned his office, and resolved to pay all the honors to his mother's memory which the most rigorous of the old customs demanded. After conveying the body to the summit of a mountain, where the ashes of his father reposed, he secluded himself from society, and passed three whole years in mourning the irreparable loss which he had sustained—his only relief being the study of philosophy. "This act of piety," says one of his Chinese biographers, "made such an impression upon the people, that it revived among them the funeral customs formerly practiced, and perpetuated them to our day—that is to say, during twenty-four centuries, through all the revolutions, political and religious, which we have experienced."

When the three years were accomplished, he deposited his mourning garments upon the tomb of his mother, and, resuming his intercourse with his fellow-men, consecrated all his leisure to meditation upon the means of regenerating the Chinese people—a task to which, it is said, he had before devoted his life. His first and chief endeavor was to perfect himself in wisdom and virtue, and to this end, he both studied and travelled. Hearing of a famous lute player in another province, who could both calm and excite the passions of men, he went to him and became one of his pupils. We have also an account of a visit which he paid to a celebrated philosopher, of whom he asked to be instructed in his doctrine. The philosopher received him coldly, and reproached him for occupying himself too much with the men of ancient times, long since returned to dust. He is reported to have addressed Confucius thus:

"The men of whom you speak so much are dead and gone; their bodies and their bones were long ago consumed. Nothing remains of them except their maxims. When a wise man finds himself in favorable circumstances, he mounts upon a chariot, by which I mean, he is advanced to honorable posts. When the times are unfavorable to him, he does the best he can. I have heard say that a skilful merchant conceals his wealth with care and goes about pretending poverty. So the wise man, the man of finished virtue, loves to carry upon his countenance the appearance of stupidity. Renounce pride, and the multitude of your desires—lay aside these fine garments, and the ambitious schemes which occupy your mind; for they will avail you nothing. This is all I can tell you."

To these remarks Confuscius listened with an appearance of respect, but when his disciples (for he already had disciples) asked him what he thought of this philosopher, he answered:

"I know that the birds fly in the air; that the fish swim; that the quadrupeds run. Those which run can be caught with traps; those which swim, with the line; those which fly, with an arrow. As to the dragon, that soars to heaven, borne by the winds and clouds. I know not how we can catch him. I have today seen this philosopher: he is like the dragon."

Returning to his native country after his journey in search of wisdom, he entered seriously upon the great work of his life, which was to record all that he had himself learned and thought, as well as all which he considered worthy of preservation in the works of the ancients. His object was to gather and to arrange the whole wisdom of his country, so that it could be conveniently communicated to his people and their descendants forever. To this labor he devoted all the leisure of the rest of his life, and he produced a series of works upon which the soul of China has ever since subsisted, and which do really contain a very pure and exalted system of morals. At some future time I may endeavor to give the readers of the *Ledger* some idea of the contents of these remarkable books, but this article must be confined to relating what the Chinese tell us of the life of Confucius.

Toward the fiftieth year of his age, he was appointed by one of the kings of China to an office which we should call that of prime minister. In this post, we are assured, he reformed the numerous abuses which existed in every branch of the government, and he was rewarded at length by being appointed the supreme judge. The people, it is said, blessed his wisdom and his justice, and he was held in the highest honor, as well by the nobility as by the husbandmen. A great crowd of disciples gathered about him, who assisted him in the composition and the multiplication of his works.

While he was upon a journey for the purpose of making some new researches, he learned the death of his wife, and the news plunged him into the deepest melancholy. Upon his return home, he called his disciples to him, and told them that the days which remained to him of life were counted, and that he had not an instant to lose if he would finish the work which he had undertaken.

In his seventy-third year, that work was accomplished. Once more he assembled his disciples, and ordered them to set up an altar. When the altar was ready, he solemnly placed upon it the whole of his writings, and then, prostrating himself upon the ground, he remained there a considerable time, designing to thank the Supreme Being for having so far favored him that he had been able to re-construct the literature of his country, and leave it for the instruction of posterity and the glory of the empire.

Some days after this ceremony, Confucius, in another interview with his disciples, told them that he was conversing with them for the last time, and mentioned to each the career which he thought most suitable to him. His strength lessened from day to day. He employed his last hours in making some slight corrections in his manuscripts, to render them more worthy of posterity. He sunk at length into a lethargy, in which he remained seven days, and then passed away without pain,—aged seventy-three years.

The careful manner in which the Chinese record their history enables us to place considerable confidence in the truth of their statements with regard to this great man. The outline which I have given probably bears considerable resemblance to the truth; but, even if the biographies of Confucius are in some degree fabulous, his works remain to attest by their kindliness of tone, their high morality and their excellent sense, that Confucius is worthy to rank with the wisest of the ancient teachers of man.

From his only son have descended a numerous posterity, who constitute a separate and honorable order in the empire, and enjoy peculiar privileges. A traveller who visited China in 1671, computed that there were eleven thousand male descendants of Confucius then living, most of whom were of the seventy-fourth generation.

Pine Tree Wool.

Whether or not good bricks can be made without straw is a Bible question, the solution of which we leave to the polemics; but, meanwhile, it is quite certain that a species of wool can be obtained elsewhere than from the backs of sheep. The needle-like vegetation of the fir tree is now, by a peculiar process, converted into a woolly fibre, which is spun and woven into a variety of fabrics. There is a factory in Breslau, Prussia, in which pine-tree wool is used as a material for the manufacture of hospital and prison blankets. It is stated that immense quantities of these vegetable blankets are used in Russia. The Austrian Government patronizes them because they are at once cheap and warm. Nor is this their only recommendation. Their aroma drives away every species of noxious insect from the establishments in which they are used. It seems that pine wool is also used advantageously for stuffing chairs, sofas and mattresses, and that it can be woven into a kind of cloth of which a substantial garment can be made. Nor is this all. The liquor from the pine vats is useful for medical purposes, and gas made from the waste fibre is employed to light the Breslau factory. Here is utilization in perfection; every portion of the pine foliage is applied to some purpose; nothing is wasted. It is said that the Breslau concern pays. Will not some enterprising Yankee try his hand at making pine wool blankets?

Confidential Bores.

Of the class Bore—and, alas, what a comprehensive class it is!—few specimens are so annoying as the individual who insists on being confidential with one on a short acquaintance. Of course, reader, you have met with him in society. An hour after you have been introduced to him he has made you his father confessor. His likes and dislikes, his prospects, weaknesses, grievances, opinions, are all very much at your service. Every time he meets you he will treat you to a new installment of his experiences. A more uninteresting creature does not live, and yet it is his misfortune (and *yours*) to think that he interests everybody. He usually has some personal merit or defect which he makes his especial hobby, and rides over you roughshod with it. The laws of good breeding forbid you to insult the nuisances, but you long to insert your fingers into their neckcloths and stop the flow of drivel with an impromptu tourniquet. Perhaps they ought to be pitied for their weakness—but the man who can pity one of them while being subjected to his persecutions, is capable of weeping over the death of a mad dog or of saying to a hornet that has just stung him in the eye, "Go thy way, the world is large enough for thee and me." Of all bores, preserve us from the *confidential* species.

* * *

—When the Rev. Mr. Smythe delivered two or three lectures in this city, last winter, on the questionable play of the "Black Crook," some people who believe that the *Herald* is at the bottom of everything in any way connected with our theatres, charged the reverend gentleman with being an employee of the *Herald* establishment. Now, we happen to be personally acquainted with Mr. Smythe: we heard him preach nearly ten years ago, and we believe that he is both a gentleman and a scholar, and that he could not be hired by the *Herald* or any other paper for any such purpose as that indicated by several of our cotemporaries. But this statement concerning the *Herald* and Rev. Mr. Smythe is of a piece with the story that has been started that we were using the Rev. Mr. "S. McChesney" as an instrument to advertise the *Ledger*. This rumor was first circulated by a very respectable evening paper; and, notwithstanding we have denied it over and over again, and stated in the most emphatic manner that Mr. McChesney has never been in our employ in any capacity, still our evening cotemporary refuses to make the proper correction.

* * *

[From the Bellevue (Ohio) Commercial.]

Henry Ward Beecher's Story—to be found in the New York *Ledger*, for sale by S. L. Culver—is attracting a great deal of attention and not a little comment. The great author is evidently very fond of sunny genial characters, in which he is very happy. His Deacon Marble seems to disturb the puritan notions of the proper qualifications for one in that office. We are glad to find one so eminently qualified as is Mr. Beecher, drawing in life religious character so full of innocent good humor. Read the story and be glad to know that religion no longer sits in sack-cloth and ashes, but lives in joyous right-doing for the well-being of mankind.

SEA-DRIFT.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

I roamed the shore as the sunshine tipped
The crests of the waves with gold so free ;
And fragments of shipwreck rose and dipped
On the swells of the slowly subsiding sea.

Rude, grim hints of the recent gale
On the strand were strewn : old capstan-bars—
A battered boat with a ragged sail—
Casks and timbers and broken spars.

I moved among them, with pains to decide,
If I could, what the name of the ship might be
That had here gone down in her strength and pride ;
But I searched for it long and fruitlessly,

Till a clanging of sea-gulls, hovering o'er
An object half-buried in dank sea-weed,
Drew my faltering feet far down the shore,
While a chill of horror increased my speed.

'Twas the corpse of a mariner, young and fair,
Which the sea had cast, like a waif, to my view :
On his wave-washed bosom, all bronzed and bare,
Was the name of his ship in fresh tattoo.

"SKYLARK !" this was the name I read :
And, musing, I sank on a stone to rest,
While the sunshine flowed o'er the mariner dead,
And lit up the broad brave name on his breast.

Are we foolish or wise, that we still must give
These high, glad names to our ventures free,
When we launch them abroad, to perish or live,
As the winds and the waves and the fates may
decree?

Wise, I opine. For, in parts of no worth,
Our hopes the mad waves to our feet may fling ;
But the spirit that named them and sent them forth
May yet, songful, mount on the lark's swift wing.

As I drew the poor corpse far up from the sea,
I marked on the lips a smile of deep rest :
And a clear-tongued bird from a neighboring tree
Dropped a song as I crossed the hands on the
breast.

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXV.

HOW THE PARTED MET.

They seemed to those who saw them meet
The careless friends of every day,
Her smile was still serene and sweet,
His courtesy was free and gay ;
Yet if by one the other's name
In some unguarded hour was heard,
The heart they deemed so cold and tame
Would flutter like a captured bird.
MONCKTON MILNES.

A few days after the Derby, Anna and Drusilla sat in their private parlor at the hotel, waiting for the return of the general and Dick, who had gone out to keep an engagement with Francis Tredegar, but had promised to be back in time to take the ladies to the Tower.

Little Lenny was out with his nurse in the square.

The conversation between the two young women turned upon the gipsies.

"It is wonderful, their seeming powers of prophecy or second sight," said Anna.

"I wish I could know their skill to be second sight, since they prophesied to me such smooth things ; but, in truth, I think it was only INSIGHT," replied Drusilla.

"'Insight?'"

"Nothing more."

"But how did she know Lenny was not my son when I told her he was?"

"By that same gift of insight, which I think they cultivate to a great perfection. She read you, Anna: she saw through you. She knew by your manner that you were Dick's wife; and also that your bright face had never been clouded by a mother's cares."

"And by the same power she divined that *you* were both wife and mother."

"Yes : she looked in my face, not in my hand. They say that 'every face is a history, or a prophecy,'—certainly every face seems to be both to these skilful physiognomists, the gipsies."

"It is their insight, then, that gives them such knowledge of human nature?"

"Of course. They may be very ignorant of books, but they are very learned in men and women."

"You must have studied the gipsy while she was studying you."

"I did, Anna. I watched her and others of her tribe while they were telling fortunes. I saw their *in*sight gave them a *fore*sight that the ignorant and superficial might mistake for supernatural powers of second sight and prophecy. I saw how they worked. For instance, they know as a general fact that the wishes of the young run upon love ; those of the middle-aged upon money and worldly success ; those of the old upon long life. Therefore, to the young they always promise success in love ; to the mature, success in money matters ; to the aged, length of days. If they see a look of sorrow upon a young face, and no apparent cause, like a suit of deep mourning, for it, they will tell the dupe that he or she has been crossed in love, but that all will end well. If a look of care upon a middle-aged face, they will speak of monetary anxieties ; but will also promise a fortunate issue to the difficulty. If of weariness upon an old face, they will still talk of long and happy years to come. Moreover, they think since opposites usually attract each other, that it is safe to tell a blonde young lady that a dark young gentleman is thinking of her, and a brunette that her thoughts favor the attachment of a certain fair 'complected' gentleman ; and generally they hit the truth."

"Yes, the rule must generally hold good. Witness Alick, Dick, you and me. Alick, a blonde, jilted me, another blonde, for you, a brunette. And I was very willing to be left free to marry my dark-haired Dick."

While Anna spoke the door opened and little Lenny entered, dragging in his nurse, and full of excitement.

"Man ! man ! div Lenny dit !" he exclaimed, holding out a silver whistle to view, and then putting it to his lips and blowing a shrill blast.

"Oh ! oh ! oh ! goodness sake ! what lunatic gave the boy that? We shall be deafened !" exclaimed Anna, clapping her hands to her ears.

Drusilla trembled with pleasure, for she instinctively knew the donor of the whistle ; but she smiled and lifted the boy in her arms, called Pina to follow, and went to her own room.

"Who gave it to him, Pina?" she asked, as soon as she had shut the door.

"His father, ma'am."

"Tell me all about it."

"We were walking around the square, when all of a sudden who should come up but Mr. Alick—I mean Lord Kilipeople, as they call him here."

"Killerichtoun, Pina."

"Well, Killchristians, ma'am ; it's all the same, only worse, because of course it is much more devillisher, begging your pardon, ma'am, to kill Christians than so to do to common people. Any ways, up he comes."

"And——What then? Go on."

"I didn't go in, ma'am, though I was a minded to. I did as you directed me to do on such occasions. I stopped and made a curtsy, and handed little Lenny forward so as to place him in front of me facing of his father. And says he :

"'How do you do, Pina? When did you arrive? Whom did you come with?'

"And then, without waiting for me to answer them questions, he lifted up little Lenny in his arms, and says he :

"'Whose child is this?' And says I, 'He is General Lyon's grand-nephew, sir, if you please ;' for I was sure all the time he knowed well enough it was his own.

"'I didn't ask you whose nephew he is ; I asked you whose child he is.'

"'The same child whose hair you cut, sir, please,' I answered.

"'Bosh, girl, you trifle with me ! Whose son is he?'

"'Please, sir, I thought you knew. He is Mrs. Alexander Lyon's *own* son, and Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's and General Lyon's god-son.'

"'Humph ! what's his name?' says he.

"'Master Leonard Lyon, sir,' says I.

"'Then as I am Lord Killerichtoun, he is the Master of Killerichtoun !'

"'LORDS AND MASTERS, sir ! you don't say so?' says I.

"And he frowned at me, black as thunder ; but little Lenny began to prattle to him, and he smiled and told me to follow him. And he took us to a fine silversmith's shop in the Strand, and bought him this whistle. And then he told me to take the boy home to his mother, as it was growing too warm to keep him out in the sun."

While Pina spoke, Drusilla's tears fell fast ; but she wiped them away and inquired :

"You know, Pina, when we first came here, he was lodging in this house. But I have not seen him lately. Do you know whether he is still here?"

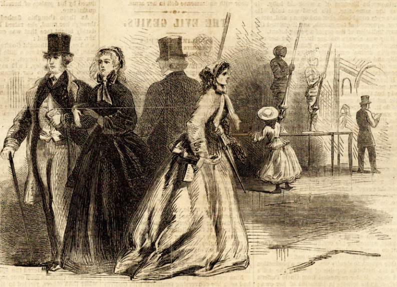
"No, ma'am, he isn't. I asked that very question of the waiter ; and he told me 'my lord' had gone and taken apartments at 'Mivart's.'"

"We drove him away, I suppose," muttered Drusilla to herself.

"Ma'am, I don't think Mrs. Hammond or Mr. Dick, or the general knows of Mr. Alick being about. If they ask me who gave Master Lenny the whistle, am I to tell?"

"Certainly, Pina."

Drusilla was interrupted by a rap at the door. The voice of Anna without called :



AT THE TOWER.

"Grandpa and Dick have returned, and the carriage is waiting, Drusa. Are you ready?"

"Quite ready, dear," answered Drusilla, hastily tying on her bonnet, and then going out and joining Anna.

They went to the drawing-room, Drusilla leading Lenny, who was shrilly blowing upon his whistle.

"*Miserable!* Young gentleman that will not do. The other guests will lay complaints and the proprietor will give us warning," exclaimed General Lyon.

Who gave Lenny that?" inquired Dick?"

"Man, man in tware div Lenny dat," said the imp, taking the instrument of torture from his lips to reply, and then putting it back and puffing out his cheeks to blow an ear-piercing blast.

"Christopher Columbus ! that will never do ! 'Man in the square.' What man gave the child such a nuisance as that? Was it Spencer, or any of our people?" demanded the general.

"It was his father," calmly replied Drusilla.

A sort of panic fell upon the party. The short spell of silence was broken by General Lyon :

"Humph ! humph ! humph ! humph ; so *he's* turned up again, has he? Where did he see the boy, my dear?"

"Uncle," said Drusilla, "he was lodging at this house when we first came. He left, I think, the same evening. But he knew that we also were lodging here ; for while we were driving out to leave our cards he came in and cut off a lock of little Lenny's hair, and took it away with him."

"When was this?"

"The first day we went driving, uncle ; the day before the Derby."

"Humph ! humph ! humph ! And he left the same evening? and he has not been here since?"

"I believe so, uncle."

"Humph, humph ; it is clear that the sight of us sent him away. I don't wonder at that. I only wonder it did not blast him."

"Oh uncle, uncle !" pleaded Drusilla.

"My dear, your love may in time—or in eternity—redeem the fellow, for aught I know. But it has not *yet* changed him into an angel of light, or even into a decently-behaved devil, for a very devil with any decency left in him would have come round long before this. Well, well, there, I see how much I distress you. I will say no more, my dear ; I will say no more."

Drusilla bowed in silence and turned away. Her heart was too full for utterance. Her voice was choked with emotion. She felt all the more deeply hurt by her uncle's severe strictures upon her Alick, because she knew them to be the expression of his real and but too well-founded opinion. And neither could she resent them, coming from him. She owed him too vast a debt of gratitude. He had saved her life and her child's life in their utmost extremity. And besides, he was Alick's uncle, and the head of his family ; he had himself, in the person of his beloved grand-daughter, been deeply wronged by his nephew, and so had the right to sit in judgment on him.

Thus because she heard this blame cast upon her still beloved Alick, without the moral power of resenting it, she suffered in silence.

Not long, however. The cloud soon lifted itself and rolled away. Little Lenny came to her with his whistle.

"Put dit 'way. Lenny tired. Lenny daw ate," he said, pushing the toy up into her lap.

"Put it away, mamma. Lenny is tired, and Lenny's jaws ache, and no wonder," said Anna, smiling. "We are all glad that Master Lenny's jaws can ache with all his tooting as well as our ears."

"'Top naddin'," answered Lenny.

"'Stop nagging?' Where did he pick up that phrase, eh, Master Lenny? You don't hear it from any of us."

"Come, my dears, if we are to see the Tower before dinner, we had better start at once. Is Lenny to go with us, Drusa?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"You know that I always like to have the little fellow."

"But I shall stipulate that the whistle be left behind. We shall find instruments of torture enough in the Tower ; though I don't believe the utmost ingenuity of cruelty ever thought of a child's whistle wherewith to torment a victim. That was left for Mr. Alick."

"Come, come, Anna, I will not have another word said against Alick, since it grieves our darling here. But I would like to know what keeps him hanging about here so long. He has been here now nearly two years."

"Uncle," said Drusilla, who now thought that she might as well tell all her news at once—news which indeed she had intended to tell, when the subject of Alick's presence was first introduced, but which was then arrested on her lips by the indignant animadversions of General Lyon—"Uncle, do you remember reading last winter in the London Times of a young American gentleman who claimed, through his mother, the Barony of Killerichtoun?"

"I—think I do remember some such asinine proceeding on the part of a young countryman of ours."

"He was your nephew, uncle, and he has made good the claim. He is now Lord Killerichtoun. That is the reason why he stays in England, I suppose."

"Whe—ew!" whistled the old gentleman, slowly, adding *soto voce*, so as not to be heard by Drusilla :

"I knew he was a scamp ; but never suspected him of being an ass."

But Dick had handed Drusilla, Lenny and Anna into the carriage, and was waiting to perform the same service for his uncle, who now entered and took his seat. The drive from Charing Cross to the Tower was comparatively short, but very interesting, taking our travellers through the most ancient and historical portions of Old London.

Drawing near the grim, old fortress of the kings of England, they saw rising above the thickly-crowded buildings of the city and the turbid waters of the Thames, the central keep, or citadel, known as the White Tower, and surrounded by its double line of fortified walls and by its dry moat.

Our party alighted from their carriage at the great gate, flanked by embattled turrets at the southwestern angle of the walls.

Having paid their sixpence each as entrance fee, they passed over the stone bridge across the moat and found themselves within the outer ward, between the two lines of walls.

Here, overpowered by the spirit of the past, they looked around them, feeling something of the awe that children feel in a church-yard in the dusk of evening. The spirit of the past was indeed before them—and not only in the hoary walls of the middle ages, but in the living creatures of the day; for the warders of the Tower, the Extraordinary Yeomen of the Royal Guard, commonly called the "Beef Eaters," were dressed in the costume of the time of Henry the Eighth.

One of these stepped up to General Lyon, and saluting respectfully, tendered his service as guide.

"And there are the buildings and there the costumes, this the ground and that the sky that met the eyes of beautiful Anne Boleyn as she first came to this place a bride and a queen, and last as a victim and a convict," murmured Drusilla, dreamily and half unconsciously.

"Queen Anne entered by that postern at the water side, when she came here in state before her coronation ; but the last time she was here she was brought in by the Traitors' Gate, a few days before her execution," said the literal warder, speaking just as if he had been an eye witness to both proceedings.

Drusilla stared at him, and thought he really might have been an actor in those long past tragedies ; in his costume of that day he looked like a ghost of the past.

"Where was Lady Jane Grey brought in when she was brought here a prisoner?"

"Through the Traitors' Gate."

"Ah, it seems that all who offended majesty in those palmy days, however innocent they might have been, were traitors. Where is that Traitors' Gate?"

"Some distance down the southern side, my lady. We will come around to it presently, when I will show it to you."

They were now making the circuit of the Outer Ward, passing up the west side.

"There, sir, are the old buildings once appropriated to the Mint, which is now removed to a handsome edifice on Tower Hill, which I will show you," said the guide, turning to General Lyon.

And the general and Dick gave him their attention.

But Anna and Drusilla were not interested in the mint, and remembered Tower Hill only as the scene of the execution of Lord Guilford Dudley.

Passing on, the guide pointed out many objects of interest ; the two strong bastions—the Legge Mount and the Brass Mount—defending the north-western and north-eastern angles of the outer wall ; the Iron Gate and Tower at the south-eastern angle ; the site of the ancient Well Tower, and the remains of the Cradle Tower. Thus they came on at last to St. Thomas' Tower, which guards the Traitors' Gate.

"There it is, ladies and gentlemen," said the guide."

"Oh, how many fair and stately heads have passed under that awful arch !" murmured Anna.

As for Drusilla, the time for talking of these things was passed with her. She was to deeply impressed for speech.

General Lyon and Mr. Hammond instinctively uncovered their heads in the presence of this dread monument of human suffering.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, here passed to their deaths the beautiful Queen Anne Boleyn, the fair Queen Katharine Howard, the lovely Lady Jane Grey, the courtly Norfolk, the accomplished Burleigh, the venerable Thomas More——"

"And hundreds and hundreds more—the victims of tyranny and bigotry," said General Lyon, cutting short the list.

"That's so, sir," admitted the guide. "Ah, if you had lived in those days !"

"Did *you*?" inquired Anna, turning upon him.

The guide smiled.

"I almost think I did, ma'am, sometimes—what with living here, and what with going over the history so many times a day. This way, ladies and gentlemen."

And he led the way from the Traitors' Gate straight across the ward to an imposing gateway defended by the Bloody Tower, leading through the embattled wall that encloses the inner ward.

"This tower," said the guide, "is the scene of the murder of the two young princes, sons of Edward the Fourth, assassinated by order of their uncle, Richard the Third."

"Can we not enter and examine it?"

"The interior is not shown. It is occupied by some of the officers of the guard as private lodgings."

"Oh, think of such an ancient and tragical place being occupied as a dwelling, where people eat, drink, sleep and live ! I wonder what my spiritual condition would be if I lived in such a place?" said Anna, gazing on the gray walls as she passed them.

"This inner wall is fortified by twelve strong minor towers, all of them formerly used as prison-lodgings. I will show the most interesting of them as we go on," said the guide. "But first I will take you to the White Tower," he added, pointing to the imposing citadel that occupied the centre.

"I should take that to be *the* Tower—the Tower, *par excellence*. Pray, is that the place where the old monarchs of England used to hold their court before Elizabeth's time?" inquired Anna.

"No, ma'am. The old Palace of the Tower was pulled down in the reign of James II. It occupied the south-east angle of the inner ward—there, you see, on the site of the present Ordnance office."

"What a pity a building so replete with interesting associations should have been destroyed," said Anna.

"There, ladies and gentlemen, that modern building which you see against the south wall of the White Tower, is the Horse Armory, where the equestrian statues of our kings, in their ancient armors, are arranged in state !"

"Oh, yes, we have tickets for the Horse Armory—we will see that at once, if you please !" said General Lyon.

They crossed towards the White Tower and the Horse Armory.

"You now see before you, sir, the oldest and the newest of these structures joined together. The White Tower is the most ancient as well as the most imposing of the buildings," said the guide.

"So I should judge from its great size and central position," remarked the general.

"It was erected, sir, in 1080 by William the Conqueror, as a stronghold against enemies, the rebellious Saxons, who opposed his reign. It is a magnificent specimen of Norman architecture. The walls are of immense thickness and strength. I will take you through it presently ; but here we are at the Horse Armory, which is the most modern of all the tower buildings, quite modern indeed, a work of to-day, comparatively speaking, having been built in 1826. Your tickets, sir, if you please."

Dick, who held the tickets, passed them over to the warder, who at once led his party to an ante-room of the Armory, where they were to wait for a new guide to take them through.

"When you return here, sir," said the guide, "I shall be happy to show you through the White Tower and all the other towers of the inner ward."

"Thanks," said the general.

And the man touched his hat and fell back.

There were several other groups of sightseers waiting in the ante-room for guides to conduct them.

And presently these guides appeared, bringing out parties they had been attending.

One of them beckoning our friends to follow him, led them straightways into a vast hall, some hundred feet in length by thirty in breadth, dimly lighted on each side by stained glass windows and decorated on the walls and ceiling with the most curious and valuable military trophies and emblems.

In glass cases under these windows were exhibited such wonders of warlike workmanship as are nowhere else gathered together—helmets, gauntlets, shields, swords, spears, lances and other specimens of armor, won from many a battle-field, stormed fortress, or sacked city, of all ages of history and all countries of the world. And each curious specimen had its equally curious history or legend.

Yet our party scarcely glanced at any of these or heard a word of the explanation uttered by their guide.

For down the centre of the vast hall, drawn up as in line of battle, was a grim array of equestrian figures, clothed in complete steel, being a line of the old kings of England from the time of Edward the First to the time of James the Second, each man and horse in the armor of his day.

"This," said the guide, pausing before the first figure, that stood upon an elevated platform at the head of the line, "is Edward the First, in the same armor he is said to have worn on his invasion of Scotland. You perceive he is represented as in the act of drawing his sword. Observe, if you please, sir, this beautiful specimen of chain armor."

Thus the guide went on with his explanation of these equestrian effigies of the old kings, calling the attention of his hearers to the most remarkable features of the exhibition and gaining their interest.

Each member of this party were deeply absorbed in the subject, but none so deeply as was Drusilla. Her susceptible nature received all the influence, imbibed all the inspiration of the scene. Her vivid imagination carried her centuries back to the storied age in which all these dead and gone heroes lived and acted.

"Henry the Sixth," said the guide, pausing before the effigy of that unhappy king. "Notice, if you please, sir, this splendid specimen of scale-armor, sometimes called flexible armor."

Drusilla gazed on, drinking in every word that fell from this oracle's lips, and deep in the romance of mediæval history when, suddenly looking up, she uttered a half-suppressed cry.

Gone were the middle ages with their tales of chivalry and minstrelsy ! Vanished king and page, and knight and squire ! With her was only the present—the intensely real present ! For there, not ten feet from her, stood her husband, Alexander Lyon, Lord Killerichtoun ! His back was turned towards her. He stood over one of the glass cases before the stained-glass window, examining a curious Etruscan helmet.

At her half-uttered cry he turned around,—and their eyes met—met for the first time since that cruel parting on the wedding-night !

But he recognized her with a cold, uncompromising stare. And then, seeing that the regards of her whole party were drawn upon him, he seemed resolved to face the situation. Walking deliberately towards them, he raised his hat slowly, bowed deeply, passed them, and went down to the opposite end of the armory.

"Humph, humph, humph, humph !" muttered the general to himself, "that is what I call cool impudence !"

Drusilla could not speak or move. She stood transfixed and motionless as any one of those grim effigies before them. She stood thus until General Lyon kindly broke the spell that bound her, by lightly laying his hand upon her shoulder and whispering :

"My dear, recollect yourself !"

She started, and recovered her self-possession at once, and in time to see little Lenny, whom Dick led by the hand, pulling at his protector, and pointing down the hall, and shouting :

"Man, man ! div Lenny that *hoo* !" putting up his lips and describing in pantomime the whistle whose name he had forgotten.

"Little Lenny knew him again !" murmured Drusilla to herself.

All this did not quite escape the notice of the guide. He saw what passed, but apparently without understanding it ; for, turning to General Lyon, he said :

"Lord Killerichtoun, sir ! His face is as well known here as any of these images. He is in almost every day."

Then, reverting to his own especial business, and pointing out another effigy, he said :

"Henry the Eighth, ladies and gentlemen ! Pray observe this magnificent suit of armor, damasquined or inlaid with pure gold. It is said to be the same he wore on that famous occasion of his meeting with Francis I. on the Field of the cloth of Gold."

"Oh, the horrid monster ! I would rather look upon Lucifer's self than Henry the Eighth's effigy ! Let us pass on !" said Anna, impatiently.

And they passed on, pausing now and then to gaze upon the armed and mounted effigy of some knight or king, famous or, perhaps, infamous in history or tradition, until they reached the last one in the line—James II.—after whose day fire-arms came in and armor went out.

And so they passed from the Horse Armory to Queen Elizabeth's Armory, occupying an apartment in the lower floor of the White Tower.

At the upper end was an equestrian effigy of the Royal Fury of Tudor, who cut off her lovers' heads as her father before her had cut off his wives'. She was dressed in the preposterous costume of her court, mounted on a carved charger, and attended by her page. She was most appropriately surrounded by curious chains and manacles, ingenious instruments of torture, and judicial implements of death.

Conspicuous among these was the thumbscrew, the rack, the headsman's axe, and the heading block upon which the old Lord Lovat and his companions had been decapitated.

Here, on the north side, was also a small, heavy door, leading into a deep and narrow dungeon cut in the thickness of the wall, and having neither air nor light except that which entered by the door way.

"In this dismal hole the accomplished Sir Walter Raleigh passed the long years of his imprisonment, and here he wrote his History of the World."

"He had leisure enough for such a stupendous work ; but I don't see where he got the space or light from, or how he could possibly have lived in such a dark, damp den," said Dick.

"Oh, you see, sir, it is to be supposed that he was only locked in there at night, and had the freedom of the hall during the day."

They next ascended the stairs to the second floor, and visited the ancient Council Chamber, where the old Kings held their Court at the Tower. This was the place of Anne Boleyn's trial. Then on the same floor was St. John's Chapel, the most perfect specimen of Norman architecture in the country.

All these things Drusilla saw as in a dream. She was thinking only of her husband and the cold stare with which he had met her eyes.

The guide led them from the White Tower to the green before the prison chapel—St. Peter's.

"Stop here a moment, if you please, ladies and gentlemen," he said.

They all paused, thinking from that point he was going to indicate some view or effect. But it was not so.

"Do you know where you stand, ladies? No? Well, you stand upon the exact spot where the head of Anne Boleyn fell under the executioner's stroke."

Anna impulsively sprang away. Dick and the general looked interested. But Drusilla heard him with something like indifference. Queen

Anne's sufferings were so long past and now so vague; Drusilla's own were so present and so real. She was scarcely conscious of the remainder of her tour through the Tower buildings.

The guide led the party into St. Peter's chapel; told them it had been built in the reign of Edward I., 1282; and showed them the flag stones in front of the altar beneath which repose the remains of the sainted Lady Jane Grey, the venerable Thomas Cromwell, the good and great Somerset, the accomplished Surrey, the brilliant Essex, and many other less exalted but no less honorable martyrs to truth and patriotism, victims to bigotry and tyranny.

Leaving St. Peter's Chapel, our friends made the circuit of the twelve minor towers of the inner ward. These in the "good old times" were all used as prisons, lodgings for those who had had the misfortune to become obnoxious to despotism or fanaticism.

Among these the richest in historic associations is the Beauchamp Tower, popularly called the Beechum Tower, whose walls are cut all over with the autographs or other inscriptions of the illustrious dead, who in its gloomy dungeons pined away the last days of their violently ended lives.

The Brick Tower was pointed out as having been the prison of Lady Jane Grey; the Devereux Tower as that of the Earl of Essex; the Bell Tower as once the prison of the Princess Elizabeth when she was confined by the jealousy of her sister, Queen Mary; the Bowyer Tower as the place in which the Duke of Clarence was drowned in the butt of malmsey wine.

But that which filled the beholders with a deeper gloom than all the others was the Flint Tower, called for the superlative horror of its dungeons the Little Hell.

That was the last abyss of the inferno that our sight seers looked into. The women, at least, could bear no more.

"Come," said Anna, shuddering. "It is not evening, so we have not 'supped,' but we have dined 'full of horrors.' Let us leave the Tower with its gloomy dungeons and ghastly memories, and the Yeomen of the Guard in their devil's mourning of black and red, for Bloody Henry Tudor, I suppose; let us get out into the pure open air, and back to the wholesome nineteenth century."

General Lyon and Dick liberally remunerated the civil and attentive warders, and the whole party passed out of the Tower walls, entered their carriage, and returned to their hotel, where awaited them—a very great surprise.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

DR. PUFFER'S LOST OPPORTUNITY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Dr. Puffer was an old bachelor—a physician, who belonged to that class of medical practitioners who, having learnt certain rules and laws by rote, and having obtained a diploma, go to work on the principle that all men must be doctored in the same way or in none, and that a patient is a creature formed to swallow nauseous doses which do him no good, without complaint—to foot great bills without a murmur and to die of a dispensation of Providence, making no accusations against the doctor.

As for the idea that a physician's mission is to heal, that never entered Dr. Puffer's mind. As a general thing, it is the last idea that does enter a doctor's head, save as the reputation of having mastered a difficult case may increase fees and practice. But somehow in Dr. Puffer's case the truth had come to knowledge, and after seeing his gig wheels wheeling softly behind the mourning coaches of the numerous funerals of victims of quinine, calomel and other relics of medical superstition, which occurred in his field of labor, people began to shrink from patronizing Dr. Puffer, the difference in the bills of mortality in that district being noticeable at once. To be sure, doctors of the same style remained—men who always have been "called in a little too late," or who "mistake the treatment" a dozen times and only discover the cause of the malady after the patient has sunk under it. But they were not found out yet. Many never are. Perhaps Dr. Puffer did not talk enough or was not bold enough. Certainly his practice died out, and he found himself in straitening circumstances, with nothing but the annuity of two hundred dollars which had been left him by his parents, at an age when men who make fortunes at all have usually made them.

The doctor consequently had begun quite seriously to consider the comparative merits of prussic acid and strychnine, when the following letter from a sister, who had a few years before married a very old physician, aroused him from his torpor. It was a very amiable letter, stating the fact that her husband had decided to retire from a business which had been wonderfully lucrative to him, he (of course this was not in the letter) having been able to browbeat and insult people to such an extent, that, being an ignorant old wretch, with a smattering of Latin and a diploma, he had really made a great reputation; that when he had done so, a wonderful practice would be vacant, and that they had decided no one would be so suitable to fill it as Brother Paul.

"I've heard you were not getting on as well as you could wish," the letter went on, "and this is a splendid opportunity for you. I've coaxed the doctor to give it to you, and it's been hard work, I tell you, for he could sell out at any price. Come immediately."

And it may be supposed that Dr. Puffer went. He found his relatives living in splendid style, surrounded by a retinue of servants, and everything bearing testimony to the fortune of its owner.

He was received in friendly fashion and taken in as partner, preparatory to the complete resignation of his brother-in-law; and being believed in immediately by long-suffering families of patients whose grandfathers had died under the old doctor's hands and who had only been saved themselves by the secret disobedience of some old nurse who had obstinately taken her own way, or by their own repugnance to black draughts and blue pills, was already prospectively a rich man. Moreover, his home was with his brother, and but for one circumstance he would have been happy.

This circumstance was one which would scarcely have made any one else wretched. Perhaps I should rather speak of it as a combination of circumstances. His sister had a little girl, and the little girl had a big doll. This was all, but it was enough to poison Dr. Puffer's cup of happiness.

Dr. Puffer was one of those people who hate things which other people invariably like. He hated strawberries. He hated peaches. He hated roast turkey. He hated a warm Spring day. He hated an evening party. He hated eggs. He hated tea. He hated handsome young men and pretty young girls. He hated fresh young mothers and their babes. He hated ice cream. He hated talkative people who laughed a good deal. He hated Newfoundland dogs. He hated the opera. He hated a comedy. He hated to hear two young people sing a duett. He hated celebrated persons, and popular preachers, and new novels. He hated flowers and he hated trees. He hated to travel by steam. He hated to see dancing. He hated all children, and particularly little girls. He hated to see them roll hoops, or jump, or run. But if there was anything he hated worse than all other things, it was to see a little girl playing with a doll; and this little girl played with nothing else.

In vain, hating children as he did, had he invaded a toy store, and purchased a little cart, a stove and a churn, and presented them to the child in hopes that thus she might be weaned from her favorite pastime.

Milly played with them, it is true, but only in conjunction with her doll. Any woman would have known that this would be the case, but it wss an unexpected blow to the old bachelor. She took the doll to ride in the cart; she churned imaginary butter for its eating; she baked mud-pies in the oven of her stove, chatting all the while with her speechless beauty, in imitation of her mother's conferences with the cook. Nothing was gained by the gifts but new annoyance. The doll, too, was, in Dr. Puffer's opinion, the most horrible of its species. It was a large gutta-percha likeness of a week-old baby. It was the same size. It's head was bald. Its glass eyes could both shut and open; and, moreover, squeezed at the mouth, and it emitted the exact imitation of the cry of a young infant.

Milly was always making it cry, and her mother often appealed to Uncle Puffer to say if the juvenile drama constantly going on between Milly and her doll was not "too cunning." In view of the wonderful opening, Dr. Puffer was necessitated to reply, hypocritically, that it was.

If he could only have locked Milly out of his own peculiar office, it would not have been so bad; but this would have been an unwarrantable act in the eyes of her parents. He dared not do it. Therefore every day, just as Dr. Puffer was at his busiest, the door would open, and Miss Milly, in the shortest of frocks, the lowest of bodices, and the glossiest of curls, would walk in with the doll on one arm and a basket of toys on the other, and commence the exercises by requesting Uncle Puffer to "tiss Dolly," after which performance she would say:

"Now tiss Untle Puffer, Dolly," and would rub the gutta percha head, warm from much embracing, against that gentleman's mouth.

Then Miss Milly would declare that "Dolly must do s'eep," and, sitting down upon a small bench, she would sway to and fro, singing, "Bye bye, baby," at the top of her little voice until coming to the conclusion that "Dolly was bad and would not do to seep," she would whip it, shake it, scold it, and set it upon her knee preparatory to conversation.

"Aint oo samed not do to seep?" she would inquire, squeezing the crying machinery; "and aint oo samed to turb Uncle Puffer by tying?" Machinery again. "Oo want a baff?"

One squeak to signify yes. Then a production of a tin bath-tub capable of holding the doll's red shoe. Water requested from Uncle Puffer's pitcher, and a toilette in imitation of her own; with the conversation of mamma and the maid dished over in baby English; and generally, as finale, the precipitation of Dolly into the old bachelor's waistcoat, with the recommendation to "do play with Untle Puffer while I bake pie and take."

Then out came the stove, the waggon, the churn, a monkey on a pole, a set of tea things, a village in a box, and goodness knows what else, all offering senic effects for the performance of Dolly's rôle in what was a grand comedy to Milly and a woeful tragedy to bachelor Puffer.

"Isn't she *too* cunning," would mamma say, coming in at last to bear her darling away. "Isn't she too cunning?"

And Milly would say:

"'Es, aint I too cunnin', untle? Hold my Dolly till I tum bat."

In view of the practice, Bachelor Puffer bore all this much longer than might have been expected. But even long suffering must have an end. One night when Dr. Puffer's feelings had been much overwrought, he found the doll for once neglected and in his power. The temptation was great. The savage man could not control his longing to be rid of it.

Perhaps, he argued, this niece of his would refuse to be consoled by another doll, and would forsake the sport forever. It was worth trying. At least just such another horrible, bald-headed creature could not, the doctor felt sure, be procured easily; and he would in any case punish the innocent cause of his misery in some slight degree.

It was late when he discovered the neglected toy. But, nevertheless, he waited for more than an hour to be quite sure that all the inmates of the house were wrapped in slumber before proceeding to carry out his strange intent.

He had observed around the corner of a poor street, a block or two away, one of those garbage boxes common to New York tenement houses, and also noticed that it was emptied at periodical intervals. Here he purposed to bury the enemy of his peace out of his sight forever. Accordingly he went to his study, and taking from a shelf an empty cigar-box of large size, put the doll within it. He grinned savagely as he did so, and muttered in the most fiendish manner. Then he went to the door and looked out. There was no one in sight. Dr. Puffer went out into the street, and proceeded with his burden toward the corner which led toward the locality containing tenement houses and garbage boxes. In due course of time he reached the receptacle of filth which he had observed, and there paused. He was so delighted that as he paused he actually laughed aloud.

"Ha-ha!" he said, "you won't bother me again with your penny-whistle bag-pipes. Here you go!"

But before he could give the box the accompanying fling, two great hands caught his own, and somebody said:

"No you don't, sir!"

And, in a moment more, one policeman held him firmly, and another had taken possession of the box.

"You'll come along with us—you've been caught in the act, you know!" said one of these guardians of the law.

"I've caught gals at it, but never a man before—come along!"

"Whereto?" asked Dr. Puffer, struggling.

"To the station-house," said the policeman.

"Why it isn't a punishable offence—is it?" gasped Dr. Puffer.

"It's a great annoyance—I——"

"You come along, and don't commit yourself!" said the man. "I reckon you'll see whether it's punishable—come on!"

And, dragged forward most indecorously by his collar, Bachelor Puffer was not in a condition to talk much for a while. He was not in the least brilliant; and, having had the fear of hir sister before his mind, he forgot that any mistake was possible, and believed he had been arrested for the act of stealing and attempting to destroy Milly's doll—perhaps, even at her mother's instance!"

Not until the box had been carefully and solemnly taken care of, and he himself conducted to a solitary cell, did the truth flash upon him. He stood quite still under the sudden influx of light, and put both hands to his hair, and stared into the darkness with his light blue eyes.

"It looks like a baby!" he gasped. "They think it's a dead one—they think I've committed infanticide! Oh, good Heavens! what a horrible thing. Let me out—I want to explain!"

But he was locked up for the night, and no explanation was possible until morning.

Of course, the farce could not continue long. In due course of time it was discovered that the murdered infant was made of gutta percha, and Dr. Puffer was relieved from durance vile. But the news of his arrest for infanticide having reached his sister and her husband, it became necessary that they should know the trouble. Indeed, the papers had caught at it as an excellent joke, and it was impossible to conceal it from their ears.

In that household the husband was ruled by the wife, the wife by the child. The insulted Milly could not be appeased; neither could mamma nor papa. A serious family quarrel ensued, and Dr. Puffer was notified that the partnership must be discontinued. Moreover, that the practice would be sold to another physician without delay; and the sequel of his fatal act was his departure from the scene of his excellent opening with what is vulgarly called a flea in his ear.

When last heard of, he kept an apothecary's shop, and had just given (by mistake, we hope,) arsenic instead of cream of tartar to a very little girl who was fond of playing about his shop door with an immense doll in her arms.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

On the same night the first advance of Mrs. Langley was made toward an acquaintance with Miss Gordon.

Mrs. Bates had more than once manœuvred to obtain an introduction to the elegant Southerner who was rumored to belong to the *crème de la crème* of her native State, and wealthy as the merchant was, his wife had a most plebeian desire to cultivate the acquaintance of aristocratic people.

The vivacity of Mrs. Langley, aided by the report that she was the possessor of a large fortune, had rendered her an object of much attraction since the restoration of her health enabled her to make her appearance among the gay throng assembled at the Ocean House; but hitherto she had confined her associations to a pleasant clique of Southern people, and until this night she had shown no inclination to mingle with others.

Miss Gordon made her appearance at a late hour, accompanied, as usual, by the Bates party. After dancing the German, she went into the music room at the solicitation of several of her adorers, to play and sing for them.

Mrs. Langley strolled into the room on the arm of a New Yorker who ranked himself among her admirers, and at a whispered request from her he presented her to Mrs. Bates, who in turn introduced her to her son and Miss Gordon.

Nina gave her a penetrating glance, for she had seen her conversing familiarly with Godfrey Fenton on the previous night, and was inclined to mistrust her on that account.

But the frank, sweet smile on the lips of Mrs. Langley disarmed her suspicions, and the few graceful words she addressed to her gave Nina the impression that it was the desire of the fascinating stranger to cultivate her acquaintance which led her to seek an introduction to the party.

Mrs. Langley presently said:

"You will sing for us, Miss Gordon. I have before listened to you with delight, for your voice is one of rare sweetness, and you manage it with extreme skill. I adore music, though I am but an indifferent performer myself, and I absolutely cannot sing a note."

Nina smiled brightly, flattered and elated by such words from the exclusive Southerner, and she at once took her place at the piano, with Mr. Bates stationed at her side in readiness to turn over the music.

Adolphus was in gorgeous array, and looked as pompous and important as any Broadway dandy could under such gratifying circumstances.

"Beautiful Venice" was then in the zenith of its popularity, and that was the song that happened to be on the music stand. Nina struck into the melody at once, her soft soprano voice doing as much justice to it as it was susceptible of, and the little knot of listeners were duly enraptured with the performance. She gave the French pronunciation to the name of the city of the sea, and the unlucky Adolphus, wishing to make an impression on the bright-eyed stranger who had joined them, threw himself back and in his most pompous tone said:

"Beautiful *Venus*—yes, you are quite right, Miss Nina. Venus was born of the sea, and a lovely song that is which celebrates her charms. But goddess as she was, she was scarcely more fair than her who had so charmingly sung about her."

Nina flashed at him a single glance of angry annoyance at his absurd blunder, and he hastily whispered:

"What have I said—what have I done to merit so scathing a look as that? My dear Nina, you absolutely petrify me."

She deigned no reply, and Kitty, who had joined them, whispered in his ear:

"Don't make a goose of yourself, Dolly. Venice is an Italian city; I wish you had learned a little more of geography than you seem to know. If you had looked at the words of the song, you could not have made such a ridiculous blunder."

Mr. Bates angrily retorted in the same tone:

"Geography be hanged! I won't be bullied by you, nor frowned on by my betrothed, if I did make a little mistake," and he turned sulkily away and left the room.

Mrs. Langley, with the perfect tact that was a part of her nature, turned to Mrs. Bates and glided into conversation, managing to bring both the young girls to her side, charmed listeners to the sprightly and graceful nothings she invested with an interest they could scarcely have boasted of in themselves.

To Nina she finally addressed herself:

"I have desired for some time to make your acquaintance, Miss Gordon, for you have inspired me with much interest. I have lately heard something of your early history from a friend of mine. Godfrey Fenton spoke of you as one he had known and admired, and I determined to make an effort to approach you more nearly. I trust that now I have done so, you will meet me at least half way."

The sudden light that flashed into the face of the girl; the tremor that thrilled through her voice when she replied convinced the acute Mrs. Langley that the flirtation of which Fenton had so lightly spoken had left deeper traces in this heart than in his own fickle one. She asked in a faint voice:

"What did Mr. Fenton say of me that could interest you in me? I—I scarcely expected such a service at his hands."

"And why not, Miss Gordon? Godfrey Fenton avowed his former *tendresse* for you, and I think he was wounded last night when you refused to recognize him in the ball room. He spoke of it to me soon afterward."

The fluctuations in Nina's complexion were marvellous in a person so self-controlled as she ordinarily was; but throughout that day a struggle had been going on in her heart between pride and outraged love; the sight of Fenton had brought back that bitter past so vividly that she almost doubted the victory she thought she had gained over herself. Coldly as her eyes had passed over his face, she would, in that first moment of recognition, have cast herself at his feet and implored to be taken to his heart again—to be tolerated and her devotion accepted, even if not loved as a wife should be.

All that day, while engaged in playing the wearisome games in which the soul of Mrs. Hawks delighted, Nina had thought only of him and the chances in her favor when she became the actual possessor of the wealth she had thus far so successfully angled for.

Yes, proud as she was by nature, Nina Gordon felt that she would be willing to *purchase* the hand of the man who had once cast her off, leaving her to despair. She recalled his words uttered long ago, and she laid the flattering unction to her soul that she had been really and truly beloved by him: had she *then* possessed what was almost within her grasp now, Fenton would have acted very differently.

When the wealth of Mrs. Hawks came actually into her possession, what might he not be tempted to do? Her soul revelled anew in the possibilites that opened before her. Hope again sprung into being beneath the words of this stranger who was *his* friend, yet had been induced by his praises of herself to seek her acquaintance.

As these thoughts flashed, lightning-like, through her mind, she raised her eyes to the darkly bright face that was curiously scanning her, and softly said:

"Yes, I once thought Godfrey Fenton a noble man, but he taught me a little lesson, and one I am not likely to forget. Since you are *his* friend, Mrs. Langley, I will say nothing of the causes that led to our estrangement, for they would certainly reflect little credit on him. I have forgiven him; I had in a measure forgotten him, when he appeared so suddenly before me last night,—so let that suffice."

Mrs. Langley bowed; made no further effort to pursue the subject, and again turned to Mrs. Bates, and talked on in her lively, piquante manner. When she at length arose to retire, she said to the ladies:

"I hope you will all call on me in my private parlor and give me an opportunity of silencing my own people when they say that Northern women are less social and agreeable than Southern. I am sure that I have been charmed tonight, and I venture to hope that you two young ladies will take pity on my loneliness and come often to my room. Ah, I forgot! you, Miss Gordon, in the goodness of your heart, devote yourself to that poor invalid whose parlor joins mine. If you can persuade Mrs. Hawks to let me come into her room occasionally, I will endeavor to lighten the tedium of your days by sharing with you your efforts to amuse her. I am told that she is fond of games; I, too, have a passion for them, and I will gladly play with her occasionally, that you may obtain a respite from your benevolent cares."

This was said with that winning charm of manner which rendered the speaker irresistible when she chose to gain over any one. Nina, no wiser than others, yielded to its influence, and almost promised that her new acquaintance should be admitted to Mrs. Hawks's presence on the following day, though she felt very uncertain as to her power to gain the invalid's consent to such an innovation on her usual habits.

In conclusion, Mrs. Langley said:

"Tell your old friend that I am an adept at piquet, and I know a new French game for two persons which is easily learned and very amusing. I could teach her how to play it in a few moments."

"I shall be sure to tell her, Mrs. Langley; for, to own the truth to you, it would be the greatest relief to me to have a little aid in amusing Mrs. Hawks. As her strength fails she becomes more irritable, and I often feel as if I am overtasked."

Nina was more successful with Mrs. Hawks than she had hoped; for, as death approached, the doomed woman lost much of that shrinking feeling which had led her to conceal from the outside world the dreadful contortions she exhibited in her convulsive state. She was tired of the seclusion in which she lived, though surrounded by a crowd; and when she was told of the charming woman who wished to give her a new source of enjoyment by teaching her another game, she at once declared that Mrs. Langley should be welcome to visit her whenever she desired to so.

Nina was dispatched at once to invite her, and the fair conspirator speedily came with her to the apartment which, she was firmly resolved should witness the overthrow and defeat of the heiress elect.

Of course the invalid was charmed with her visitor, for Mrs. Langley intuitively knew where to touch her weak points. The game she had volunteered to teach was quickly learned, and by soon allowing Mrs. Hawks to beat in nearly every encounter, she was kept in the best of humours with her new acquaintance.

In spite of Nina's keenness, Mrs. Langley proved more than a match for her, for she won her confidence completely and betrayed nothing herself, while she gained from the young schemer the history of that past which had left so bitter a wound behind it.

For hours they discussed Godfrey Fenton—his past was freely laid before the girl, who seemed never weary of inquiring into every particular concerning his early life; and unsparingly was he blamed by Mrs. Langley for his want of faith toward one so worthy of him as her dear Nina was.

Mrs. Langley had entered into her part with the spirit of a thorough actress, and she justified her course to herself by the excuse so often made that "evil may be done if good is to result from it." Besides, she made the acquaintance of Inez in her aunt's room, and was not surprised that Fenton had become so passionately enamored of her.

Mrs. Langley herself was almost equally charmed with her beauty and sweetness, and her desire to defeat Nina gained added intensity after she knew her rival. Inez never mentioned Fenton's name, or alluded to him as the guest of her father, for he had warned her against betraying his vicinity to Nina Gordon, lest it might awake in her mind a suspicion of the efforts in progress to baffle her aspiring hopes.

Fenton did not lay bare his plot to Inez, for he felt that to her pure and unselfish mind the course he had taken would not appear the most noble or honorable, though it was determined on in defence of her interests. So he wisely kept his own counsel, though his spirits rose from day to day as his ally reported the rapid progress she was making toward the desired consummation.

The time for the grand experiment at length arrived. Nina had been induced, though with a show of reluctance, to mimic afflicted Mrs. Hawks for a select few of Mrs. Langley's most intimate friends; and although that lady was shocked at the fidelity with which the poor old convulsionaire was hit off, she laughed and applauded with the rest, and declared that they must have that amusing travestie again when her brother was present.

Nina demurred to this, but her tempter knew that she should carry her point. With the assistance of Mrs. Perkins, who had entered with extreme zeal into the plan proposed to her by Godfrey Fenton, everything was prepared for the denouément.

Toward the close of the week, Mrs. Langley invited Kitty Bates and her brother, with a few of her most intimate friends with whom she had made them acquainted, to a private supper in her own apartments.

The door which opened from her parlor into that of Mrs. Hawks was in the centre of the wall. After Nina and her mistress had retired, Mrs. Perkins, with Fenton's assistance, brought a large mirror from the spot on which it hung, and placed it at such an angle from this door that, on unclosing it a few feet, what was passing at the upper end of the next apartment would be distinctly visible in it.

By careful experiment, Mrs. Langley ascertained the precise spot on which the exhibition must be made to ensure a view of the actress in the mirror, and she disposed her furniture accordingly, leaving an open space with a sofa for the background on which the proposed scene was to be enacted.

At a signal agreed on between herself and Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Hawks was to be induced to return to her parlor at that unusual hour of the night; when the actress was in full career, the door was to be suddenly unclosed, and the old lady permitted to behold the travestie of her infirmities faithfully reflected to her from the adjoining room.

The Bates party was greatly elated by this invitation to Mrs. Langley's private apartments, for it was regarded as a distinction to be received there, and they gladly accepted it. Of course Nina was to accompany them, for Mrs. Hawks would be safe in bed long before the hour named for assembling had arrived, and there was little danger that she should detect the presence of her young companion among Mrs. Langley's guests, even if the sounds of their late merriment should penetrate to her apartment.

The party assembled; cards were played, but without much attention to the games, for all seemed in the gayest spirits and eager to talk. At midnight an exquisite supper was served, and champagne flowed freely. Nina was fond of this exhilarating tipple, and her hostess took care that her glass should never remain empty.

The waiters came in, removed the *débris* of the repast, and charades were proposed. There was some good impromptu acting, but Nina was the life of the party. Her matchless powers of mimicry were brought into full play, and as a last *bonne bouche* Mrs. Langley insisted that a scene with Bijjir should be enacted *à la Hawks*.

The dog had been petted by Mrs. Langley, and he had spent many hours in her room since her intimacy with her neighbors commenced. Of course she had him in readiness on this occasion, and he was lifted from the ottoman on which he was sleeping, and brought forward to bear his part in the proposed exhibition.

Nina offered a few faint objections, but she was excited by the wine she had taken, and elated by the applause her previous efforts had elicited; so she yielded to the entreaties of her hostess, and launched into a scene of such broad farce that peals of laughter greeted her efforts.

Mrs. Langley whispered:

"Capital—nothing could be better. Go on, Miss Gordon, and let us have the old lady in all her phases."

And Nina went on, unconscious that the dividing door had been partially unclosed, for the room beyond was in utter darkness, and that Mrs. Hawks was noting her every action reflected in the mirror.

Mrs. Hawks at last uttered an exclamation that alarmed Mrs. Perkins; the door closed as softly as it had opened, and the outraged woman gasped:

"Take me away—let me die. I have nothing to live for after witnessing such base ingratitude as that."

"I told you so, ma'am, but you wouldn't believe me," was the consoling remark of her attendant as she almost bore her back to her chamber.

When they reached it, Mrs. Hawks fell into a spasm so violent and long-continued, that Mrs. Perkins began to fear that in this attempt to unmask Nina, she had destroyed all hope for Inez. But after using her best skill to restore her, the old lady revived, and, after a brief sleep, awoke and asked:

"What time is it, Jane?"

"Past three o'clock, ma'am."

"There is time enough, then, for what I mean to do before that false creature comes fawning around me again. Prop me up with pillows, and place my desk before me. I'll spoil her prospects, the ingrate! To make my infirmities the mockery of a set of people capable of laughing at such an exhibition, is what I will never forgive."

Mrs. Perkins obeyed with alacrity; her mistress was placed in a comfortable position, the desk opened before her, and her portfolio brought. Mrs. Hawks took from her neck the key of the jewel casket, and ordered the woman to open it, and bring to her the will she had concealed in it.

Mrs. Perkins hastened to place it before her. She tore open the envelop, glanced grimly over the pages her infatuation for Nina had so recently dictated, and, dipping her pen in the ink, she proceeded to add a codicil at the end of the instrument, which ran thus:

"I hereby revoke and cancel the bequest of property made to Nina Gordon in the foregoing pages, as I have had it clearly proved to me that she is as destitute of principle as she is of feeling or affection.

"I give and bequeath all that I may die possessed of, save the annuities bestowed on my niece, Inez Lopez, and my faithful maid, Jane Perkins, to be used for the benefit of the poor in the county in which I was born. Oakland, the ancient residence of my family, shall be made a home for destitute orphans, and the bulk of my fortune shall go to endow it."

Having written this, Mrs. Hawks turned to her attendant and asked:

"Who can be got in here at this hour to witness my signature? I will not sleep before this is finished, for I feel as if I shall never wake again in this world after the shock I have received."

"Oh yes, you'll outlive it, ma'am. That perfidious girl aint a going to break your heart quite yet. I don't know of any one but Mrs. Langley who could be brought in here, and *she* is your friend, for she helped me to show you how much you were deceived by that young serpent that has coiled herself around you of late, and made you do whatever she wanted done."

"Yes; and now she has stung me to death. I feel it—I know it. I have got my death-blow, Jane. Bring whoever you please."

While Mrs. Perkins was absent, Mrs. Hawks endorsed another envelope precisely as the first had been, and by the time it was ready, Mrs. Langley came in in her night dress, with a shawl wrapped around her.

She was startled by the ghastly change in the face of the invalid, and hastily said:

"My dear Mrs. Hawks, if I had dreamed that you would feel this so deeply, I would never have attempted to expose to you how cleverly you have been duped by this young girl. I took an interest in you, and I could not bear to think that she was only playing a part to secure the fortune I am told you designed bestowing on her. Can you forgive me for permitting her to caricature you as she did in my presence? Be assured that it was allowed only for the purpose of showing her to you in her true colors."

To this Mrs. Hawks grimly replied:

"I do not think that my forgiveness will be of much consequence to you, Mrs. Langley, but I am glad that even such sharp practice opened my eyes in time. I have added a codicil to my will, which I wish you to witness."

"Anything I can do for you, my dear madam, I am ready to undertake. Of course, I will witness your signature, and affix my own after it."

"That is all I shall require."

And Mrs. Hawks carefully folded down the paper in such a manner as to conceal what she had written. With a trembling and unsteady hand she then wrote her signature, and handed the pen to her visitor.

Mrs. Langley dashed off her name impatiently, for she was disappointed at not being able to ascertain something of what had been added to the document. Mrs. Perkins wrote her's beneath, and Mrs. Hawks folded the will, and placed it in the envelope she had prepared for it. After carefully sealing it, she gasped:

"It is finished. Lock it up in the casket, Jane, and leave it till it is called for."

This was scarcely accomplished, and the key returned to her, when she fell into violent contortions, and the two who watched beside her thought that every moment would be her last. But the spasmodic action ceased at last, and she fell into a deep sleep from which she awoke half an hour later in another spasm.

Her physician was hastily summoned, but before he could reach her side, she had passed from earth and all its troubles, and both niece and adopted daughter had lost their chances of inheriting her fortune, so far as her will could deprive them of it.

Mrs. Langley had made a hurried toilette, and returned to watch beside her through those fearful hours, but when convinced that all was over, she returned to her own room, and wrote the following note to Fenton:

DEAR GODFREY:—The ruse succeeded but too well, and the result has filled me with compunction for the part I have played. I did it for the best, but it has turned out very sadly.

Mrs. Hawks is dead, and I am afraid that her decease was hastened by what she saw last night through that door that opens from her parlor into mine. Everything went off according to our wishes. Nina Gordon exposed her baseness as we had planned, and the old woman was taken back to her chamber in a state of great excitement. She had one of her attacks, but revived sufficiently to carry out her purpose of depriving the fair mimic of all chance to inherit her fortune; but, alas! she did not tear up the will as we hoped. She only added a codicil to it, but what is its nature I am unable to tell you, for she took extreme care to prevent me from glancing over it, although I affixed my name to it as a witness.

A messenger will be sent to the Glades to warn Mr. Lopez and his daughter of what has happened here, and I shall send this by him. Come on as soon as possible, as there is no further reason for keeping yourself in the back ground. A. L.

The party at the Glades were at breakfast when this missive was placed in the hands of Fenton, and at the same time a note from Mrs. Hawks' physician conveyed to Mr. Lopez the information of his sister-in-law's decease.

He read it, and coolly said:

"So poor Eunice has gone before me at last. I would give a great deal to know if she left her will unaltered."

Inez dropped her fork, and grew pale.

"Oh, papa, it cannot be so! My aunt seemed no worse when I saw her yesterday."

"She is dead, child; and I am afraid that she has gone to her account with her injustice to you added to her other sins."

Inez arose from the table and went into her own room. Fenton then showed his cousin's note to Lopez, and ordered his horse to be brought around as soon as possible.

Inez, white and tearful, spoke to her lover through an open window as he was about to mount:

"I shall follow you to Newport as soon as the carriage is ready, for I must show every respect to my poor aunt."

He drew near the window, and taking her hand, tenderly said:

"Keep up your spirits, dearest, for I trust that all will be well. Mrs. Hawks discovered how false Nina Gordon is in time to undo what she had done in her favor. My cousin's note tells me that *she* will not get the Horton estate. I cannot stop to explain now, but I hope for the best for you. *Au revoir!*"

Inez wept a few tears, but the harshness of her aunt had not inspired her with very deep affection for her, and she felt more shocked than affected at her sudden demise.

The voice of her father summoned her to his side, for Mr. Lopez was in too great a state of excitement to do without a listener. When she joined him, he laughed, clapped his hands, and exhibited such signs of exultation that the poor girl was deeply wounded. She pitifully cried out:

"Oh, papa, I do hope that you are not rejoicing in this unseemly manner over my poor aunt's death!"

"No, no. I hope that I am too good a Christian to do such a thing as that, Inez. I am as sorry for Eunice as can be expected, considering our relations to each other. You know they were never very friendly, but we'll let that pass on this solemn occasion. What I am exulting over is the defeat of that girl. *She* has lost her chances anyhow, and all through Fenton's cleverness. That charming Mrs. Langley you told me of meeting in your aunt's room is a relation of Godfrey's, and she found means to convince the old lady how hollow all Miss Gordon's pretensions of affection were. Eunice revoked the bequest she had made in her favor, and she may have been just to you at last. Isn't that fact enough to inspire me with the brightest hopes for you? I shall live to see you the mistress of Oakland yet."

"Dear papa, don't talk of enjoying my aunt's possessions just now, if you please. It wounds me to hear you speak so, and I am afraid that I am not worthy to claim them, even if they should eventually fall to me."

"Nonsense! Don't be aping humility, child, for it is not to my taste. Who *is* worthy, I should like to know, if such a girl as you are is found wanting? But there is the carriage coming round,—get your bonnet and go at once; but be sure to come back as soon as possible to tell me everything that occurs. I must be taken in to hear the will read, I suppose; but I cannot attend the funeral, for of course she will be buried at Oakland, and it will be impossible for me to make so long a journey as that in my condition."

Glad to escape from his comments, Inez hastened to prepare for her visit, and after providing all that her father required, she kissed him, and set out for Newport.

Dick, as anxious as herself to reach the scene of action, drove rapidly, and in a short time Inez found herself at the door of the private entrance leading to Mrs. Hawks' apartments.

Fenton was on the lookout for her arrival, and he conducted her to Mrs. Langley's parlor. That lady received her with most affectionate empressement, and gave her an account of what had occurred in her aunt's room after her last seizure, though she wisely left it to Fenton to withhold or explain to his betrothed the cause of Miss Gordon's sudden overthrow in such a manner as might seem best to himself.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Nina did not awake till a late hour of the morning from the heavy slumbers induced by the dissipation of the previous night, and the quantity of champagne she had drank.

When she looked at her watch she was startled to find that her usual hour of going to Mrs. Hawks had long passed, and she wondered why she had not been summoned to her presence.

After making a rapid toilette, she was about to issue from her chamber, when Mrs. Perkins came in, wearing a most lugubrious expression of face. Nina glanced at her and inquired:

"What is the matter, Mrs. Perkins? Has anything happened to distress you? and why was I not called before this? It is very late, and I am afraid that Mrs. Hawks needed me while I was oversleeping myself."

"She won't never need you nor anybody else any more, Miss Gordon. It's all over with my poor mistress at last. She went off in one of them convulsions, and I thought it was no use to call you, seeing that you was up so late last night in Mrs. Langley's room."

The storm of anger that was gathering on Nina's brow at the avowal of such neglect, recoiled before the woman's last words. She sunk back, white and trembling, but she quickly recovered herself and ferociously cried:

"How dared you let me sleep when my dear old friend was dying? I am sure she would have desired to see me if she could have spoken. It was a most unheard-of piece of insolence in you to let such an event happen without even informing me of the danger."

"'Twan't none o' my business to be coming after you. She would never let you be called up in the night when she was well enough to have a will of her own, and how was I to know that this attack would prove fatal any more than others before it? As to my insolence, I don't recognize your right to talk to me in such a way, Miss, and what is more, I won't put up with it."

"How are you to help yourself, Mrs. Perkins?" asked Nina, disdainfully. "Since Mrs. Hawks is dead, I am in a position to make you feel my power, and I would advise you to be more respectful to the heiress of her fortune. If you do not know that her will was executed in my favor, *I* do, so you had best consult your own interests by keeping on fair terms with me."

Mrs. Perkins felt sorely tempted to tell her what had passed in the room of the departed lady but a few hours before, but Fenton had warned her not to do so. When the will was read Nina would learn the truth, and that would be time enough to enlighten her.

So the irate woman bridled her tongue, and bowing with ironical respect, replied:

"Perhaps you're right, Miss. We won't talk about business afore her that's gone is safe under the sods, poor lady. I only came in to tell you what has happened, and to say that your breakfast has been waiting some time."

Nina went into the parlor where her solitary meal was served, but she had no appetite. She lingered over the table, because she felt a thrilling dread of entering the chamber in which lay all that remained of Mrs. Hawks.

She had a vivid horror of death. To her it was annihilation—a return of the body to the earth from whence it sprung; for she had no comprehension of the sublime doctrine of the resurrection. Material in every pulse of her being, Nina felt within herself no assurance of immortality, and the faith which education had sought to inculcate bore no fruit.

She at length summoned courage to enter the darkened apartment, and approach the frozen image that lay upon the bed dressed in the rich robes of costly fashion which had once decked her as a bride.

Mrs. Hawks had preserved this dress for its present use, and she had exacted from her attendant a promise to array her in it for burial; and if anything would have added to Nina's horror of death, it was the sight of that worn and faded form tricked out in satin and lace, and decked with artificial flowers.

Mrs. Perkins had shrunk from placing the coronet of pearls which had formed the bridal coiffure upon the grey hair of the poor old woman, and in its place she had tied on a plain tulle cap, trimmed with white ribbon; but she now spoke and gave a different reason:

"She wore a set of pearls when she was married, Miss Gordon, but as they were locked up in the casket where the will was put, and she told you to open it yourself after she was gone, I thought I had better not meddle with 'em."

"You did perfectly right, Mrs. Perkins. The jewel casket must not be opened except in the presence of the lawyer who drew up the will. What have you done with the key to it?"

"Here it is, Miss, sealed up in this paper, and as you are more interested in the will than any one else—what you said not long ago is true, you had better put it in a safe place yourself."

Nina took the key and placed it with the casket in a cabinet in which the latter was kept. She locked that, and after putting the key in her own pocket, turned again toward the corpse. She vainly tried to repress the shiver that ran through her blood as she said:

"She was the best friend I ever had, Mrs. Perkins, and although I cannot cry and go on as many other women would, I feel her loss very severely."

"I dare say, Miss. And so do I, I am sure. I have lived with her many years, and hard as she was to please sometimes she had her good points. She was a generous woman, too, and she aint forgot neither of us, I know."

"I am sure she has not. Who has undertaken the arrangements about the funeral? I think that I should have been consulted before anything was done."

"I don't know about that, Miss Gordon. Mr. Lopez is the person to order everything, for he's her brother-in-law, you know, and he's sent in the young gentleman what is going to marry Miss Inez, to do what he couldn't attend to himself. Mr. Fenton has already seen the undertaker, and arranged to have Mrs. Hawks taken to Oakland and buried in the family grave-yard."

"Mr. Fenton!" repeated Nina, with flashing eyes. "Is it possible that after all I told her that Miss Lopez has again received into favor that false man? And *he* is intruding himself here to control what I, as the heiress of Mrs. Hawks, am certainly entitled to manage in my own way!"

"How do you know that you are the heiress?" brusquely asked Mrs. Perkins. "Did you listen at the door the day the will was made? But heiress or not, *you're* not the person to dictate where that poor old woman is to be buried, while she has relations to look after the last thing that can be done for her. Miss Inez has come in, and she's in Mrs. Langley's room; among them they had decided on what was to be done, before I went to wake you up."

Smothering her indignation at the rudeness of the speaker, Nina haughtily said:

"I must submit to this indignity for the present, but it will not be long before you will all understand that it would have been as well to treat me with more consideration. I will return to my own room now, and remain in the seclusion that best befits my feelings, till the time arrives to pay the last respect to the remains of my dear old friend. I suppose that I shall at least be notified as to when the funeral is to take place."

"I suppose so, of course; but I can tell you now what arrangements have been made. The body will be taken to Oakland on the morning boat, be buried in the afternoon, and we may not come back till the next day. Mrs. Hawks hadn't many friends, but I suppose hers and those of Mr. Lopez will see her respectably buried."

"I suppose so," was the listless reply. "And now I will retire to my own room. I do not wish to be disturbed, as I feel the need of repose and thought, after the dreadful shock I have sustained. I am not fit to share your watch, Mrs. Perkins, so I hope you will not think hardly of me for leaving you alone with the dead."

"By no manner of means, Miss. You can go as soon as you like, for I aint nervous nor nothing of that sort in the presence of what we've all got to come to some day."

Nina shivered, and hastily swept out of the room, and the irate watcher added:

"Your room is better than your company, any way, you deceitful varment; trying to look sorry when your heart is beating hallelujahs at the thought that you've secured all the money. But you'll find out before long that Jane Perkins has been one too many for you this time, sharp as you think yourself. Oh my! won't she be cut down when she finds out how things are."

While Mrs. Perkins thus muttered, Nina made her way to her own room, secured the door on the inner side, and escaping through the linen closet, gained Kitty's apartment, into which she burst with a bound that aroused her friend from her late slumbers, for Kitty had not yet risen.

In irrepressible exultation, Nina cried out:

"Open your eyes, you sluggard, and listen to what I have to tell you. I ought to put on a long face and sham sorrow, I suppose, but with you, Kit, I need not be on my good behavior. Only guess what has happened."

Kitty raised herself up, with her long hair escaping from the comb that held it and falling over her face. She put it aside and gained as good a view of the speaker as the dim light in the room permitted.

"What is it, Nina? You look exultant, yet scared. Have you seen a ghost, and has it told you that great good fortune is in store for you?"

"Nonsense! no—but I have seen a body from which the spirit has recently escaped, and that makes me a little nervous. Mrs. Hawks is dead, Kitty, and my inheritance has fallen to me. I have the key in my pocket that holds the 'open sesame' to fortune."

Kitty sprang up in great excitement.

"You don't say so, Nina! This is glorious news indeed, and I sincerely congratulate you. That poor, suffering woman is better out of the world than in it, so it is idle to waste any sympathy on her fate. Come, tell me all about it, dear; I am impatient to learn every particular."

As well as she could, Nina explained what had happened, saying that Mrs. Hawks had died so suddenly that she did not get to her bedside in time to take a last farewell of her.

"That was bad," commented Kitty; "but it was too late to make any change in her intentions toward you on account of the neglect. You must put on the deepest mourning, Nina, and show every outward respect to the memory of the poor old lady."

"Such is my intention; and I came here to ask you to go out with your mother, and order some things for me that must be ready by the morning. I have a black dress that will answer for the funeral, but I must have a crape collar and a mourning bonnet, with a heavy veil. And, oh, Kitty! don't forget to buy a dozen very fine handkerchiefs with a broad black border around them. They will be indispensable, you know, to wipe my tears away."

A faint, derisive smile quivered on her lip, and Kitty significantly replied:

"Or to conceal the lack of them. I understand; I shall select everything in the latest style, for of all toilettes a mourning one should be most carefully got up. It is so unbecoming, that only extreme elegance in the material and make can compensate one for being obliged to wear it."

Nina glanced at the reflection of herself in the mirror, and said:

"To one as fair as I am, and with my glittering hair, I don't think it will be very unbecoming. At any rate, I shall not wear it longer than conventional propriety requires."

"No, indeed; and you will soon have an excuse for laying it aside altogether. Bridal robes shall take its place, and my darling Nina shine forth a resplendent star in society next winter as Mrs. Adolphus Bates. Shall it not be so, dear?"

Nina turned her face from the inquiring eyes fixed upon her; with an affected shiver, she said:

"Oh, Kitty, how can you bear to mix up the two extremes of life and death and marriage in such a way? It chills me even to think of *my* bridal in conjunction with a funeral. When your brother asks me that question, I will give an explicit answer, but not before."

"I thought all that was settled long ago," said Kitty, opening her eyes very widely. "Dolly thinks himself sure of you, and there is no need of postponing the marriage."

"Ah, indeed! Well, perhaps Mr. Bates is right; but nothing is sure in this life, Kitty, till it has actually taken place. There, I won't detain you any longer, dear. Make your toilette as soon as you can, and go out for the things I shall want. I must go back to my room now, lest some one may knock at my door, and find out that I am not in it."

Nina flitted back, made a hasty reconnoisance of the parlor, which she found empty, and then shutting herself up in solitude, gave the reins to her fancy, building castles in the air as gorgeous and glittering as boundless wealth could make them

She revelled in the brilliant future she believed was opening before her, and not a doubt arose as to its stability. The will of Mrs. Hawks gave her all, and the one made by her father, for the possession of which she had bargained with Wilkins, she would destroy, and thus secure the enjoyment of the estate beyond a doubt. Nina had no scruples as to what should be done with it when it fell into her hands, and she thought lightly of the large sum she had agreed to pay in exchange for it.

Godfrey Fenton's image mingled with her dreams of the future, and she would not doubt, that as the mistress of the fortune which should have devolved to Inez Lopez, she could also lure from her the man who had played the part of lover to them both. She could forgive his temporary infidelity, and bind him to her again in bonds too strong to be broken at his own wayward will.

Nina found it impossible to remain quiescent. With such thoughts surging through her brain, her blood was in a ferment, and she paced her floor with rapid steps till the voice of Mrs. Perkins speaking at her door arrested them. She came with a message from Miss Lopez, who was waiting to see Miss Gordon in the next room.

"I will come out in a few moments," said Nina in reply, and she went to her mirror, and looked at her own face. It was flashing with excitement, and brilliant with triumph. Shaking her head, she muttered:

"This will never do. She will read me through if I do not wear a mask. I am actress enough to put on any semblance I choose, and I must play the broken hearted, though I feel as if I had wings that could bear me to the empyrean. I have won this girl's fortune, and in time I will have what she values far beyond that—the love of the man to whom she is betrothed. Oh, Fortune! Blind goddess! How grateful I am to thee!"

Nina rubbed her eyes till the lids were reddened, powdered her face till in the darkened room it looked almost colorless, and assuming an expression of deep seriousness, she took her handkerchief in her hand, and slowly opening her door, advanced toward Inez, who sat with her head resting on her hand in an attitude of deep thought.

"My dear Miss Lopez, this is a very sad meeting. I see that you feel the blow that has fallen on both of us quite as deeply as I do. But to me it is even heavier than to you, for in the decease of your dear aunt I have lost the only true friend I had in the world. The shock has unnerved me, and in these first hours of bereavement, I know not whither to turn for consolation."

Inez was willing to believe in the genuineness of her affliction, and she felt deep compassion for the disappointment she knew was in store for her. She gently replied:

"To Heaven we are taught to look for consolation in such bereavements as this, Miss Gordon, and I have calmed myself by praying fervently for the repose of my departed aunt's soul. Her sudden death was also a shock to me, for yesterday I thought her looking better than usual. You were not with her in her last moments, I have been told."

"No; and that adds to my affliction. Through mistaken kindness, Mrs. Perkins did not call me up, and when all was over, she thought it useless to arouse me to the consciousness of the great calamity that had befallen me. Oh, Inez, I am left very desolate by the irreparable loss I have sustained."

She concealed her face in the folds of her handkerchief, and seemed to be sobbing violently. Inez soothingly said:

"Compose yourself, Miss Gordon, and try and feel that you have some claim on my father and myself. When we return from Oakland I shall be happy to receive you as my guest at the Glades till you have decided on your future movements."

With a gesture of defiant pride, Nina said:

"Thank you; but that is impossible. I cannot again throw myself in the way of Mr. Fenton, and I believe he is at present an inmate of your father's house."

"Mr. Fenton will not return permanently to the Glades," replied Inez, coldly, "and you need not see him when he calls unless you desire it. I asked you to come to us because I thought a few days retirement would be agreeable to you."

"Thank you for your consideration for me, but I will not intrude into a house in which I feel that I should not be entirely welcome. Your father does not like me, and—and I have friends here who will gladly take charge of me."

"As you please. I thought it right to give you the option of coming to us, and hereafter, should you wish to do so, the Glades will be open to you. I must leave you now, for I promised my father to remain no longer than was absolutely necessary. Good morning, Miss Gordon."

The fire that was smouldering in the breast of Nina here flamed up, and she bitterly said:

"I have warned you, Inez Lopez, and you have refused to accept the warning. You have renewed your trust in Godfrey Fenton, but he will yet break your heart. He will desert you as he did me, when he finds that you are not the heiress of your aunt's wealth."

Inez fixed her clear eyes full upon her, and proudly said:

"I *do* trust him, Miss Gordon, in spite of your efforts to sow dissension between us. How do you know that I am not to inherit my grandfather's estate? Did my aunt confide to you her intention to deprive me of it?"

"She did, this far. Mrs. Hawks told me herself that *I* am the person most deeply interested in the contents of her will. Of course her words could bear but one interpretation."

"It matters not; construe them as you will. I shall not enlighten you till the proper time arrives. A few more days, and we shall both know what we have to depend on. Once more good morning."

Inez hastened from the room, filled with pity for the terrible blow that awaited her, in spite of all Nina had done to annoy her and interfere with her just rights.

The door closed on her, and, with an impatient stamp of her foot, Nina cried out:

"What did she mean by those words? What could she intend to hint? But why should I care? My future is secure, in spite of every attempt they may make to wrest from the fortune my own wit has won. Yes, yes—I am *secure*, and I can afford to laugh at their puny efforts to shake my faith in my lucky star."

Mrs. Langley did not call on Nina, which rather surprised her; but she ceased to think about it when Kitty came to her room bringing with her the handkerchiefs about which her friend's directions had been so particular.

The two dined together, and spent the afternoon in pleasant gossip, arranging their plans for the ensuing winter, though Nina half smiled as she thought how baseless were Kitty's hopes of claiming her as her sister-in-law. *Now* she did not think of accepting Mr. Adolphus Bates, and she intended to avail herself of the first opportunity of telling him so.

Late in the evening, the milliner sent in a coquettish-looking little bonnet made of crape, and covered with a long veil to be used on the morrow to conceal the absence of the emotion the adopted daughter of Mrs. Hawks should have felt. There was also a mode mantle, trimmed with folds of crape of the orthodox breath, and several pairs of black kid gloves.

I shall not describe the funeral. Suffice it to state that it was conducted with every regard to propriety and good taste, and Inez was perfectly satisfied with the arrangements made by her lover. Mrs. Langley accompanied Fenton, and herself and Adolphus Bates escorted his sister and Nina; but the two parties held themselves aloof from each other as much as possible.

The coldest and briefest recognition passed between Fenton and Miss Gordon, and no word was uttered by either. Mrs. Perkins and Dick also formed a part of the funeral cortége, and when they reached Oakland they found everything in readiness for the burial, to which several of the country families had come.

Mrs. Hawks had been a member of the Episcopal Church, and a clergyman from a neighboring chapel was in attendance. The simple and impressive burial service was read over the grave; the solemn and consoling assurance "I am the Resurrection and the Life" repeated, and the unlamented one was consigned to her last resting-place, beside the father and sister between whom she had widened the breach, that the fortune she had so lately disposed of might be her own, to do as she pleased with.

Inez wept some bitter tears over the desolate life and sudden death of her aunt, but no one knew better than herself that the deceased had repelled the affection she might have had, and it was not in nature that she should deeply grieve over the decease of a relative who had always snubbed her, and at the last had placed a comparative stranger in the position she was herself entitled to fill.

An elaborate repast had been prepared by Mrs. Wilkins, and on the return of the company from the grave-yard they gathered around the table, and did ample justice to the "funerel baked-meats."

The old friends of her family approached Inez with kind greetings, and hopes were expressed that they should soon have her among them as a resident at the old place. She received these courtesies with her usual gentle grace, but evaded giving a positive reply.

Nina looked on and listened in scornful amusement, wondering if these simple-hearted people thought it a matter of course that the fortune of Mrs. Hawks should descend to her niece. To her intense relief, the lugubrious affair was at length over, farewells exchanged, and the whole party re-embarked on the small steamer Fenton had chartered to take them to Oakland and remain till they were ready to return.

The night was brilliantly clear, and the moon shone with silvery lustre on the waters of the bay.

The cabin was close and warm, so the ladies preferred remaining on deck, and Adolphus Bates made up his mind that, before they reached Newport, Nina should give him a positive assurance of her intention to bestow herself and her presumed inheritance upon himself.

He availed himself of the first opportunity to withdraw her from the others, and to this Nina passively submitted, for she began to be very weary of his devotion, and thought this as good an opportunity as she should have to give him to understand that she had no intention of accepting him.

In spite of Fenton's coldness to her and his devotion to Inez, her passion for him sprang into new and fiercer life, and Nina felt that she could never give her hand to any other man while a chance remained that he might yet be won. In comparison with Godfrey, her dandy-lover seemed utterly contemptible, so she was not in a mood to soften the terms of her refusal.

The moon shone down on her set face as Adolphus whispered:

"Nina, darling, why do you look so coldly on me? Have I offended you in any way? Oh, my angel, in this hour I desire above all things to win the confirmation of the hopes you have permitted me to indulge!"

Unmoved by his fervor, she icily replied:

"You have not offended me, Mr. Bates. You only weary me by constantly referring to a subject I wish to set at rest between us forever. I cannot marry you, for I do not feel for you that affection you would be entitled to from your wife. I beg that you will speak to me in this way no more."

The astonishment of Mr. Bates at this unlooked-for declaration was even greater than his chagrin. He exclaimed:

"Nina, do I hear aright?"

"I believe I spoke plain English, sir," was the disdainful reply.

And Bates rapidly went on:

"Then you have played with me till you secured your own position; and, that done, you cast me off. You have wilfully deceived me, Miss Gordon. You have worn your mask as long as it suited your purpose to do so, and you drop it in the first moment of assured success. If your schemes with reference to Mrs. Hawks had failed, I might perhaps have received a different answer; but I, at least, have been disinterested, for I asked you to be my wife before I knew that you would gain anything by the death of the old lady."

This plain speaking irritated Nina, and she bitterly retorted:

"But not before Kitty had betrayed my confidence with regard to the will made in your favor. You asked me *then* to marry you, Mr. Bates, but not before. I believe that we now fully understand each other, sir, and further words will be superfluous."

Nina turned from him almost contemptuously; and, outraged and astonished at this summary dismissal of his pretensions, Adolphus hastened to confide his unexpected discomfiture to his sister. Kitty listened in incredulous amazement, for she had thought the future of the two definitely settled.

Mr. Bates ended by saying:

"Miss Gordon has no further use for us, Kitty; and I now believe her heartless enough to break off her friendship with you, devoted as you have been to her. As to myself, I am done with her, and I shall leave for New York in the morning. The old man declares that he must have money to keep the house from crashing, and I shall take the girl he has selected for me. If Ada Pierre isn't as beautiful or brilliant as your friend, she will probably make me a more suitable wife. I have waked up from my delusion, Kitty, and I only hope that you will soon come to your senses too, and let this handsome tigress go her own way. It will be better for us all to wash our hands of her I am now convinced."

But Kitty could not be induced to take this view, and she entreated her brother to allow her to remonstrate with Nina. This he utterly refused, declaring that nothing should induce him to renew his offer to Miss Gordon.

It was midnight when they reached the hotel again; and, late as it was, Kitty went into Nina's room and asked her to explain what had happened that night.

To this entreaty she petulantly replied:

"I am tired to death and out of sorts. I wish you would not annoy me with questions now, Kitty. If you insist on knowing why I refused your brother, I must tell you that it is because I do not love him; and what is more, I never shall do so. I hope that is satisfactory."

"Quite so," replied Kitty, with a sudden assumption of dignity, though she became very pale. "I only wish that you had known your own mind a little sooner, Nina. I have loved you very dearly, and I have done all that lay in my power to serve you, but this last act of yours has opened my eyes to your true character. I cannot forgive the way my brother has been treated by you. You have led him on in every possible way, and now that you have gained what you have schemed for, you cast him off. I bid you good night, and good-bye at the same time, for I shall insist that mamma shall return to New York with Dolly. We will leave in the morning, and after what has occurred to-night, I don't suppose that you will care how soon we go."

"Why should I?" asked Nina, coldly. "If you are willing to give me up on such slight grounds, of course I shall not entreat you to retain a place in your affections for me. Good-bye, Kitty; school-girl friendships are not often worth much, and ours has had its day, I suppose. Don't be too hard on me, for if I had consented to marry your brother, I should have made him miserable."

Poor Kitty was half-broken-hearted at this sudden rupture with one she had so unselfishly loved, but she was too deeply outraged to betray all she felt. She held out her hand and said:

"I will not give you a Judas kiss, nor receive another from you, Nina. It is all over between us, for from this hour I give you up; but you will never find a better friend than I have been to you."

Nina took the offered hand, and said:

"Good-bye, Kitty. I think you very unreasonable to look on my refusal of your brother as a just cause for breaking our friendship. But, since it is your wish to do it, I will not remonstrate."

"It is not the refusal, Nina, but the—the encouragement that preceded it that——But it is useless to talk about it now. I hope we shall never meet again—never! It would be too painful."

Kitty escaped from the room, and went to her own to cry herself to sleep; for she was tender-hearted and sincere, and Nina was left alone. She wearily muttered:

"So that phase of my life is over, and those vulgar, rich people finally got rid of. They have served my turn, and now I am done with them. Poor Kitty deserved a better return for all her kindness. I do like her passably well, but the others are not to my taste, and with my fortune I can soon find enough who will suit me far better than the Bates family."

Thus musing, Nina hastened to disrobe, and throw herself upon her couch, where she soon fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

INDOLENCE.—There is in all men a provoking love of quiet comfort: they are like dogs, who will let themselves be fondled for ever so long before they will get up. Once moved, however, it is just as difficult to keep quiet. Our first piece of activity costs us more trouble than subsequent ones.

* * *

THE PRICE OF HAPPINESS.—It costs us more to be miserable than would make us perfectly happy; how cheap and easy is the service of virtue; and how dear do we pay for our sins!

ROBINSON

SENTIMENT VS. FASHION.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Let us go to the country, Mary,
And taste the sweets of June—
Let us choose some cot, in a balmy spot,
Like the "banks of bonny Doon;"
Let us bask in the summer's beauty,
And drink of her rosy wine—
It will make thine eyes, like the starry skies,
In tender beauty shine!

To go to the country, Harry,
Would really suit me well;
But a little cot, in a balmy spot,
Is not like a *gay hotel!*
Then to revel in summer's beauty
And *bury my point lace shawl*,
And never to wear my *last new hair*,
It never would do at all!

But the birds are singing, Mary,
So sweetly in the trees;
And the fragrant flowers, in their rustic bowers,
Are scenting the passing breeze.
The rills are murmuring softly
So musical in their flow,
With their dimples bright in the golden light—
You would love them all, I know!

You know quite well, my Harry,
That in place of singing birds
I adore a trill, or a gay quadrille,
Or a love tune set to words,
And instead of the common floweret
That by the wayside grows
So sad and lone, I prefer *Cologne*
And my favorite *Eau de Rose!*

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XVI.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Day after day, and week after week, our ship bowled along with nothing to ruffle the smooth tranquility that had settled down upon all on board. Most of the time we had our studding-sails set upon both sides, below and aloft; and so evenly rode our gallant craft upon her keel that a wine-glass might have stood upon the cabin table for a week; and not have been jostled from its place. The South-east Trade lasted us until we were within a degree of the equator, and then came a season of calms and variable winds; but we worked our way through them without much trouble, and in latitude six degrees North we found the North-east Trade, which we took upon the beam, sailing along merrily enough. At the Tropic of Cancer we lost this steady wind, but were fortunate enough not to encounter any protracted calms, though we found, now and then, a head wind. By and by, however, we had a spell of southerly winds, and our captain felt sure that he should make his port at just about the same date as that on which he had made it a year before.

As our voyage was drawing towards its close; that is,—when we had entered the Gulf Stream, and were fairly approaching the New England coast,—the question occurred to me: How much had I learned during the months I had spent on ship-board? I had tried to learn, and in every possible way I had tried to do my duty. I could "hand, reef, and steer" as well as the best man on board; and I could take an observation of the sun, of the moon, or of a star, and work out latitudes from double altitudes. My ambition was, that I might be allowed the rate of an able seaman on the next voyage. There were some pleasant associations in being allowed to mess in the cabin; but to the boy who means to perfect himself in his profession the cabin is not the proper entrance. With me it was different from what it would have been with most boys. There was something in my free and happy disposition, and in my readiness to assist my shipmates at all times, that won upon their esteem; and I do not think there was a man on board the ship who ever thought of turning up his nose at me because I messed in the cabin, and I never heard the remark but once—and that was from Hod. McGuire when he was mad—that I had come aboard "through the cabin window."

On Friday night, March 29th, in this year 1811, I came on deck at midnight for the mid-watch. At two o'clock Capt. Matthews pointed over the larboard bow, and asked me what I saw. I told him, a light. And then he asked me, Did I know what it was? "It must be Cape Cod," said I. And I was right.

On we went, with a fair wind, and when daylight came land was visible ahead; and at eleven o'clock on Saturday forenoon we let go our anchor in Salem harbor. But I could not leave the ship on that day, and I did not ask it. I turned to with a will and helped clean up the deck, and arrange the rigging, and break out the boats; and before dark we had got our permit, and had the old ship warped up to her wharf, and given in charge to the officers of the customs. Then I went to the captain and asked him if I might go out home on the next day.

"Yes, Becket," he answered, "you may go in welcome; but before you do so I would like to speak with you. I will see you in the cabin in half an hour. I am going up to see the owners now."

At the appointed time I was in the cabin, and Capt. Matthews soon came down.

"Beck., my boy," said he, in his pleasant, social way, "your first voyage is about over, and I would like to have you tell me how you are pleased."

I told him that I was far better pleased and satisfied than I had anticipated.

"And how is it about another voyage?" he asked.

"That depends," said I, "upon who is going in command."

"If I live, I shall go," he told me. And I answered him:

"And if I live, and you will take me, I will go with you."

Upon that he cried, "Good!" And having taken my hand, he added:

"Tell your mother from me that her son is the best boy I ever had on board my ship; and to prove it you may inform her that at my request you will receive a promotion never before given to a lad of your age upon his second voyage. You shall be shipped as an able seaman, and upon full seaman's wages."

I could hardly credit the evidence of my own senses.

"It is true, Beck.," said the captain, when he saw how I took it; "and to show you how Mr. Grey appreciates the character I have given him of you, I will inform you that you are to go with me to his store, and there select the best suit of clothes you can find, which they will give you as a present. Come,—I'll go up with you now. We'll have plenty of time before they shut up. It's Saturday night, and they keep open later than usual."

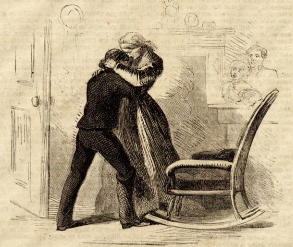
I cannot tell how proud and happy I was at that moment. The thought of the new clothes was pleasant; but it was as nothing compared with that richer blessing of the good name which I had won; and as I thought of what a priceless gift that character of her boy would be for my mother, the tears filled my eyes till I was fairly blind. Capt. Matthews looked into my face, and fearing that he might think that it was my good fortune alone that moved me, I told him the truth.

"These tears," said I, "come from the thought of the joy I shall give to my mother when I convey to her your message."

"Beck., you're a noble boy!" cried the captain, starting up, and giving me a hearty slap upon the shoulder. "And now let us go up to the store."

So we went up to the store, where I picked me out a suit of the best clothes they had. If I had been alone I might have been over-modest, but Capt. Matthews would allow me to take no second-rate goods. I got a jacket, trowsers, waistcoat, a pair of shirts, a fine black silk neckerchief, a pair of nice shoes, some fine white stockings, and a light, fancy tarpaulin hat; and, when we had got them all selected, I carried them down on board the ship, more anxious than ever for the coming of the next morning. But my good fortune did not end here. Capt. Matthews had determined to go to Charlestown and visit his family on the coming day, and he invited me to take a seat with him in the carriage.

Sabbath morning came at length, bright and beautiful; and, at an early hour, I was rigged in my clothes. As I contemplated myself in the mirror I could see that I had changed some within the past two months. I had grown taller, and much stouter, and the deep color upon my face gave me an older look. And, furthermore, I thought to myself that I was not bad-looking; and I think the pride I felt was pardonable. At all events, I did feel proud of my appearance, and I am not ashamed to own it. At six o'clock we set out from Salem, and, at the end of two hours, Capt. Matthews pulled up at a cross-road within about two miles of my home. That was the nearest point he struck, and there I got out, promising to be there on the following morning to return with him, as I was wanted to help unload the ship.



I followed the cross-road a mile and a half, and then turned off into a field to make a shorter cut to the old house. Over half a dozen stone walls, across as many fields and pastures,—and I stood upon my mother's land—upon the land where I had worked many an hour with fork, and rake, and hoe. Where I entered this field a broad-spreading apple-tree grew by the wall—a tree endeared to me by many a sweet recollection; for, of all the trees upon the place, this bore the largest apples and the sweetest. But the limbs were bare now, though I could see that the buds were swelling with life. On I went across this field, over the bars into the pasture, and then up the hill upon the top of which was the great rock where I had spent so many happy hours in play. I followed the trodden path, and walked rapidly until I came near to the summit; but there my pace slackened, and I found my heart beating strangely. Slowly I neared the crown of the eminence, and presently the topmost boughs of the great old sycamore were revealed against the clear western sky. A little further, and I saw the tops of the red chimneys; then the old roof; then the upper windows, with the linden-tree that spread its branches over the rear porch; and soon the whole house was before me just as I had left it ten months before. There was the barn, with the yard behind it; and the cows were rubbing their shoulders against the rails of the fence. At the foot of the hill, between me and the house, a little to the right, was the pond where I had skated in the winter, and where in the summer-time I had sailed my miniature ship, and paddled a raft fashioned from bits of plank and slab-wood.

Only ten months! But I was a boy, and this was my first return from my first absence. In manhood, years could be no more than were months then. I descended the hill with quickened steps; and, when I reached the door of the rear porch, I found it open. Into the pump-room and, thence, into the broad kitchen,—which, being large and airy, had always served us for a cooking and eating-room. The door opening from the porch into the kitchen was closed. I crept near to it; and the sound of clattering knives and forks, and the hum of voices in happy tune told me that the family were just eating breakfast. So late! thought I. But, when I reflected, I remembered that it was not nine o'clock, and that this was Sabbath morning—the morning on which my mother had always allowed us to have our full measure of sleep. Should I knock, or should I enter without ceremony? I would go in without disturbing them.

My heart thumped audibly in my bosom, and my hand trembled as I laid it upon the old iron latch; but I called a smile upon my face, and entered.

My mother sat in the old place—my own, blessed mother!—her sweet, kind face wreathed in smiles, and her gentle voice making music upon the air; upon her right sat my brother, Eben; my sister sat upon her left; opposite to her sat Sam. Tucker,—boarding there now since I had gone; and, in the place which I had been wont to occupy, sat my sweet cousin, Eunisale. They all looked up as I entered, and Eben. was the first to speak.

"Well," he uttered, in his quaint, drawling tone, "if here aint old Bonus* himself."

I do not know what the others said. I only know that my mother arose from her seat and came towards me, and that I was clasped to her bosom and held there a long, long time. Then she stood away and looked into my face, and then took me to her bosom again.

"Becket, my son! O! what happiness is this!"

Aye—it WAS happiness, I think, the happiest moment of all my life. There may have been, in other times, seasons when joy was as ecstatic as then; but I never knew the time when joy was so purely holy and heavenly—when my soul so calmly and so rationally bore its burden of perfect bliss.

One after another—or, I might say, all in a lump—came to greet me, and then I took my seat at the board.

There is no need that I should tell the events of that day. I will only say that my mother had prospered. Sam. Tucker, an orphan, to whom my parents had always been kind, had come to live in the family, and he had taken my place upon the farm; Eben and Mary Jane had been well; and my fair cousin came and went as her fancy dictated. But she never lived upon my mother. When there she made herself so busy and so useful that her presence was a source of profit as well as of joy and sunshine. Of course I was the hero, and in closing up the account of the day, I will say that I was for once in my life fairly tired of talking; but I was not so tired but that I could sit up with my mother, after the others had retired, and talk with her about my future prospects.

My mother had wondered if I would not be willing to give up the sea and live with her, and she had prepared an argument, mixed with persuasion and entreaty, to induce me to take that course; but when I had told her what Captain Matthews had given me for her ear, and had explained to her the position I was to occupy during the next voyage, she bowed her head submissively, and asked God to bless me in the course I had marked out. She would not seek to swerve me. If I were true and honorable, and had my aim fixed upon a noble manhood in the future, she would bear my absence and hope for the best.

After this subject had been disposed of, I told my mother there was one other subject on which I wished to speak. And then I told her my strange adventure on the night of the second day of February. She listened to me with breathless attention to the end, and even when I had concluded she did not speak.

"Mother," I said, "the most startling thing to me on that occasion was the sound of your voice. It was not as I hear voices in a dream; but even after I started up, and when I fancied that I still saw you beckoning to me, the tones of that voice vibrated on my ear."

I was about to speak further when my mother put out her hand and stopped me.

Then she got up and went to the fireplace, and took the almanac and came back to her seat. She turned to the month of February, and finally said to me:

"Becket, I cannot be sure that it was on that day; but I know that it was on Saturday night, and I find that the second day of February came on Saturday. That night I dreamed that you and I were standing upon a place where a great river emptied into the ocean. We had walked far, and were tired. We had come to this shore to watch for the coming of your father's ship. You seemed to be as you were when your father went on his voyages—a small boy, and wild and venturesome. You had run about until you were more tired than I, and while I watched for the ship, you went up higher upon the shore, and crawled under the projecting part of a large rock, and lay down there and went to sleep. While I stood upon the beach, I heard a rushing sound behind me, and upon turning, I found that the waters of the river had risen and were washing away the support of the rock beneath which you slept. The rock was already quivering upon its loosened bed, and I sprang towards you to save you, calling your name and warning you of your danger. I must have called out in my sleep, and called loudly, too, for I awoke Mary Jane, who was sleeping with me, and when I awoke I was covered with perspiration, and my heart was beating violently. As I sat up in my bed, thinking of the horrible dream, the clock struck twelve."

"Just midnight," said I.

"Yes," my mother answered. "So my dream could have had no connection with yours, for you were dreaming between three and four o'clock in the morning."

"Hold a moment, my good mother. Let me look at my minutes, and we shall see."

I had it all set down upon a piece of paper which I had brought with me; and having taken out my pencil, I prepared to reckon up.

"Now, let us see," said I. "We were then in longitude fifteen degrees west. It may have been two or three minutes one way or the other, but that doesn't matter. Now the longitude of Boston is seventy-one degrees, three minutes, and some few odd seconds; but call it just seventy-one degrees. I was then in fifteen, and you in seventy-one. Fifteen from seventy-one leaves fifty-six. So I was fifty-six degrees of longitude east of you, and of course just that much ahead of you in time; for after the sun had arisen upon me it would have to traverse fifty-six degrees before you could see it. The sun travels fifteen degrees in an hour. Fifteen into fifty-six goes three times, and eleven over. Eleven-fifteenths are equal to forty-four-sixtieths—or forty-four minutes. So, you see, when it was midnight with you,—with me it was three hours and forty-four minutes nearer to daylight,—which would make it forty-four minutes past three o'clock. And that is just about the time of my dream. What do you think of it now, my mother?"

She knew not what to think of it save that it was very strange; and I am free to confess that it appeared very strange to me. When we were ready to retire for the night, she laid her hand upon my head and said to me:

"Becket, I have prayed for you every night; and henceforth I shall pray with renewed faith,—for who shall say that God does not sometimes answer the prayers of his trusting children in His own wondrous ways. We can leave it all with God, my son, and fear no evil while we walk in the way of His commandments."

My mother was right or, at least, her philosophy was sufficient for me.

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*During the last year of my going to school I studied Latin, and among the first of my lessons was the declension of the adjective, *bonus*—"*bonus—bona—bonum*." My brother Eben heard me reciting this over to myself, and he caught it as a comical idea, and came to call me *Bonus*.

—Bees never work singly, but always in company, that they may assist each other.

GRAND PARTIES.

I have found out the reason for the decline of the old-fashioned social hospitality. It is the abolition of the good old "tea" of our ancestors. Now *dinner* takes the place of this meal. Dinner! which involves half a dozen courses, with dessert and wines to match. *That* is an affair which requires the close supervision of the wife and mother of the family, even though she may have a cook well-skilled and attendants well-drilled. Now, as most American wives and mothers, have about as much strain on their vitality from day to day as they can possibly, with their fragile constitutions, endure, they naturally prefer as few of these domestic upheavings as they can get along with, and retain their social footing; nor for one do I blame them for this. The blame, is in a system which subordinates everything lovely and desirable in the way of hospitality, to the coarse pleasures of show and gluttony. Who shall be the bold lady pioneer of reform in this matter?

Certainly, ladies have a personal interest in abolishing this state of things, when gentlemen's dinner parties, including half a dozen invitations, to the exclusion of every lady except the hostess, are becoming so common. Make your dinners more simple, fair dames, and make your dress as simple as your dinners. Restore in this way the power to invite your friends oftener, and let your and your husbands' invitations to dinner, include gentlemen *and their wives*. If the latter are fools, they will not become less so by being excluded from rational conversation. If they are *not* fools, it is an outrage to treat them as if they were. It would be useless of course to hint that dinner had better be at midday. Fashion would turn up her nose at the idea. And yet you know very well that *that* is the *natural* and most wholesome time to dine. As to gentlemen "not being able to leave their business" to do this, I might suggest that they go to bed earlier, to enable them to go earlier to that business in the morning. I might also add, that gentlemen generally can find time to do anything which they greatly desire to do. I might also add, that for one *child* or young person who eats this heartiest meal of the day, and goes directly to bed upon it without harm, thousands bring on an indigestion, which makes life a curse instead of the blessing it ought to be.

Where do you ever hear now the frank, hearty invitation, "Come in any time and see us?" How is it possible? when a table preparation that involves so much thought and expense, is considered the proper way to honor a guest, and conversation, and cordiality, are secondary matters, if not altogether ignored. Of what use is it to have a fine house, and well stocked wine-cellar, and drilled servants, when the passion for show above everything else, has reached such a pitch, that public saloons and suites of rooms in vast hotels, must be hired, and a man leave his own house, be it ever so fine, because he must have more room and more parade, than any private house can by any possibility furnish without pitching the whole family into inextricable chaos and confusion for a month.

This is all false and wrong and demoralizing. It is death to social life—death to the true happiness and well-being of the family, and in my opinion ladies are to blame for it, and ladies only can effect a reform.

Simplify your toilettes—simplify your dinners, ladies. There are many of you who have sufficient good sense to endorse this view of the case; how many are there with sufficient courage to defy the tyranny of omnipotent fashion and carry it out?

FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FICKLE LOVERS.—From the number of communications which we receive from disappointed lovers of both sexes, it would seem as though the majority of those who "vow eternal fidelity," etc., prove recreant to the objects of their first affections and seek consolation in new attachments. There must be some general principle at work to cause such uniformity of results, and we think that the letters of our wailing correspondents betray the secret, to wit: that these disappointed ones *became lovers and plighted their troth at too early an age*. It is the sheerest folly for mere boys and girls to enter into such engagements; and by boys and girls we mean members of the human family under twenty-one years of age, whom the law designates infants and protects against themselves and others by holding all their engagements of every kind voidable and subject to their ratification or repudiation after they have arrived at the full age of twenty-one years. The experience of ages has shown that twenty-one is the lowest point at which the line which separates the period of irresponsible boyhood and girlhood from that of responsible manhood and womanhood can be safely drawn. And this is especially so as to marriage engagements. The youth who is about leaving home for college, or for any where, is totally unqualified to enter into an engagement of marriage. What man of business would think of then contracting with him for the building of a house, or for any undertaking involving skill and capital? And yet it would not be half so unwise for him then to contract *for* the house in which he intended to pass his future life as it would be to contract *with* the wife on whom his enjoyment of his home is mostly to depend. The *youth* who goes to college is usually a totally different being from the *man* who returns to the old homestead with his diploma in his pocket; and equally changed does he return who went forth in his boyhood to wrestle with the world for occupation and competence. And so, too, do girls change, in their progress to womanhood, in capacity, thoughts, tastes, notions, and every thing else that enters into their mental and spiritual natures. The youth whom the girl of sixteen "adored," she laughs at at twenty-two; and the rosy wreath of juvenile betrothal is almost certain in maturer years to become a clanking chain of intolerable bondage to one or both of the foolish young creatures who so eagerly fastened it upon their lives. The only way, therefore, for the young to avoid these heart-breaking disappointments referred to is not to enter into marriage engagements until they are old enough to make a wise choice and to know their own minds and hearts—about the last knowledge attainable on earth.

E. W. C.—The community in which this correspondent lives is zealously divided on the following question: A horse-dealer sold a horse for $100; a few weeks afterwards he bought him for $80, and the next day sold him for $90: how much did he make by the operation? One portion of the community claims that he made $30, and the other that he made only $10. "The dispute rages hotter and hotter," says E. W. C., "and we have agreed to leave it to the *Ledger* to decide." The first point is for you to agree as to the terms of the question. If you take into the account of what the horse-trader made, the amount which he made when he sold the horse for $100, it should be so understood, and that amount should be agreed upon. If, however, the only question is as to the amount made by the trader's subsequent purchase and re-sale of the horse, then the fact of his former ownership and sale has nothing to do with it, and the question stands just as it would if he had bought any horse for $80 and sold him for $90.

L. T.—It is altogether probable that the climate of Minnesota would benefit your consumptive wife, if you should take her to that State at the right season of the year, which is the autumn or winter. Should you take her there now, the hot summer weather would be apt to exhaust her. By postponing your journey till September, you would be almost certain to save your wife from at least two months of most trying and exhaustive weather.

ROVER.—If you have good reason to believe that the young lady referred to has ceased to regard your rival as her lover, and is free from "entangling alliances," there would be no impropriety in your renewing your attentions to her. The question whether you will do so or not, is, under the circumstances, one which is entirely personal to yourself, and which you can alone determine.

S. B.—An employee should of course keep his employer's interest in view. One who did not do so could not very well help running into dishonest courses. A young man who is capable of betraying an employer's secrets to his enemies has the elements of a thorough villain in him.

B. L.—The lecturer to whom you refer was right in the main, but he evidently spoke from mere guess or imagination when he discoursed upon the poor. He is ignorant—utterly ignorant of the actual condition of the real poverty-stricken poor. His talk about "their humble comforts shared together," and "the refreshing prattle of their ragged children," was the sheerest nonsense. The real poor—the downright, suffering poor—*have no comforts*. Unmitigated want is their portion. Nor do their children "prattle" refreshingly or otherwise. In the dens where such poor live, you will see children with the lineaments of age stamped upon their little faces, to whom prattling and joyousness are unknown, and who have probably never once been dandled on a parent's knee, or known a father's caress, or the meaning of a toy—who have never been sung to, nor heard a lullaby, nor experienced any of those tender and nourishing influences which surround the children of the middle and upper classes as with a life-giving atmosphere. It is very well for theorizing lecturers to talk glibly about "the compensations of poverty," but just propose to them to take *their* "compensations" in the same line, and see how the matter would look to them *then*.

LIZZIE.—The word—massaranduba—which has so puzzled you girls, is an innocent one. It is simply the name of a tree that grows in the Amazonian region of South America, and which is known also as the "cow tree" and the "milk tree." It grows to great size—"two hundred feet high and well-proportioned," like the genii of the story book. It is a most excellent tree to have in one's neighborhood, as it furnishes bread, milk, cream and cheese in vast quantities. On tapping it, its milky juice flows freely, and is very rich and pleasant to the taste, and after a while of itself turns to cheese, or at least to something very like cheese. The fruit, which passes for bread, is about the size of an apple, and is juicy, pulpy and palatable. One of the strangest facts connected with this matter is, that the native heathen of the Amazonian region, who supply this vegetable milk to customers in those parts, are as familiar with the mercantile virtues of water in combination with that fluid as are the most enlightened of our Christian milkmen.

PORTER.—There is now no way of fixing the matter so as to clear you from suspicion. As you did not count the money when it was handed to you, nor when you paid it in at the office, and as the person who gave it to you says there was $600 in the package when he gave it to you, and the cashier of the establishment in which you are employed says there was only $578 in the package when you handed it to him, it is impossible for you to make any headway against their joint declarations. This should teach you never to receive money without counting it in the presence of the person who gives it to you, and never to hand it over without having it counted in your presence by the person to whom you deliver it. Unless you adhere to such a course, you and your reputation will constantly be at the mercy of others; and a suspicion of your honesty once lodged in the mind of your employer will be apt to eat away his confidence in your integrity.

PLEASURE-RIDE.—If you and your friend both went to the livery stable to order the carriages, and nothing was said to the proprietor as to which of you was to be responsible for the bill, and he had good reason to suppose that he was letting the teams to both of you, then *you* can be held responsible in case your friend does not pay. Nor can you blame the stable-keeper for holding you responsible. He knew you, and he did not know the friend whom you took there, nor did you give him any hint that it was your friend alone who was hiring the horses and carriages. Your best course would be to pay the bill and stop the scandal: for, as the matter now stands, it looks as though you took an irresponsible friend to the stable on purpose to enable you to saddle on him a bill for the use of property which you used in common, and so gain a name for generosity with a company of young ladies at the expense of one friend's pocket and another's reputation.

C. W.—If your association would procure Mill's Political Economy and devote its meetings to the reading of it, until the members obtain a mastery of its contents and principles, you would then be able to discuss questions of public finance, the tariff, etc., with some degree of intelligence. Your notion that "real, downright work is not of so much consequence as inventive speculation," is untenable, unless you attach some meaning to your words which is not patent to the general reader. The object of mechanical invention is to increase and multiply "real, downright work" to an unlimited degree by the substitution of other powers for man's muscles. Man began the substitution by harnessing up beasts of burden; he next harnessed the streams and the winds; then he harnessed up steam and, lastly, the lightnings of heaven; and all as substitutes for his own hands, feet, and muscles.

F. N.—When a man persuades a child of fifteen to enter into a marriage engagement with him, he deserves to be jilted. It is a maxim of government that an office-seeker accepts his appointment subject to the power of the government to abolish the office. So, too, a man who entices a child into an engagement with him, does so subject to all the contingencies of growth and development on her part, among which are the probabilities of her growing into such a knowledge of herself and of *him* as would lead her to cast him off at the earliest possible moment after coming into her right mind on the subject. You are entitled to no sympathy whatever in your "bereavement." The young lady served you right.

O. B. J.—Your theory that any man has a right to disobey or violate any law that operates upon him unjustly, will not do. Who is to judge of the justice of the law's operation? If the individual is to judge for himself, (and if he is not, there is nothing in your theory,) then we would be at the mercy of every scoundrel and ruffian in the land. No, sir: the only safety for *all* is for *all* to obey the laws, no matter whether they suit individuals or not; and he that disobeys should be regarded as a common enemy by all law-abiding citizens.

NEIGHBOR.—Suppose *your* boy should get into a neighbor's cherry tree, how would you like to have the *neighbor* behave about the matter? Just cipher out a reasonable solution of that question, and then you may be able to determine how *you* should treat the boys that got into your cherry trees. Of one thing you may be assured, and that is, that any one who treats such a case in anger, and not with "pure intellect," will be pretty certain to get into a bad scrape, and to do something far worse than the robbing of a cherry tree.

NEIGHBOR.—If your neighbor's hens get into your garden and scratch up your plants and flowers, you should drive them out and politely inform their owner of their depredations. He would then probably shut them up, so that they could not annoy you any more; but if he should pay no attention to the matter, and the hens should repeat their predatory visits to your garden, you would then have a right to protect yourself by any course that might be necessary.

VIBRANT.—You ought to set your wife an example of economy and domesticity, if you wish her to practice those virtues. So long as you spend your evenings at your club and waste your substance in riotous living, it is not to be expected that your wife will set much store by your theory of and preaching about "home-duties." Of all selfish mortals your devotee of clubs is the most selfish and also the most disgusting.

T. P.—You and your lady friend are both partially, but neither of you is wholly right. Burns was born in 1759 and Moore in 1779. Burns died in 1796, at the age of thirty-seven, when Moore was only seventeen years old, and of course before he had become known to fame as a poet or otherwise. Moore lived on till 1852; and his *poetical career* was not, in fact, cotemporaneous with that of Burns, although his life was.

J. K.—If the person who sold you the oxen did not actually misrepresent, or *fraudulently* conceal, some fact concerning them which was vital as to their value or usefulness, you cannot recover damages of him. Any one has a legal right to extol, in general terms, whatever he has to sell, and the purchaser must judge for himself as to the value of the article.

H. Y.—In order to master the art of civil engineering thoroughly, you will have to act for a time in a subordinate capacity to some one who is practicing it on actual works. Mere study, without the application of your knowledge, will never give you a practical mastery of it.

⁂*Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

[From the Iowa Plain Dealer.]

BEECHER.—Beecher's "Norwood" in Bonner's *Ledger* bids fair to be a story of great beauty and power. In the description of *generic characters*, Beecher is inimitable. Many of Dickens' characters are *specific*, and therefore are caricatures, considered as descriptions of classes. Shakspeare's characters are *generic*, and therefore are true to nature.

The *Ledger* is having a tremendous circulation, and those who read "Norwood" will have a picture, not a caricature, of New-England society.